The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY, 1910. NO. 1.

What I Believe

I believe in a God who knows His business, and a devil who is not as big a fool as some folks.

I believe the Bible is a great deal nearer right than the smart guys who assail and denounce it.

I believe God made the world, but the devil has been running it for a good many years.

I believe the so-called Church of God is so sound asleep that Gabriel will have a hard time waking it.

I believe the belly and the pocket-book call more preachers than God does.

I believe that if every church member had a praying-machine, lots of them would forget to wind it.

I believe, if there isn't a hell, there ought to be.

I believe that cold water, hard work, fresh air and sunshine are the four best medicines known to man.

I believe marriages were originally manufactured in heaven, but since the patent ran out the devil has put lots of substitutes on the market.

I believe the man who isn't as virtuous as he expects his wife to be ought to be hung.

I believe when a girl is kicked out of society and her destroyer sent to Congress, there is something wrong with the "system."

I believe if no liars can go to heaven, then God and George Washington will have it all to themselves.

I believe if all the hypocrites were dead, there wouldn't be enough people left to bury them.

I believe the world likes to knock a man down and stomp his guts out just for the luxury of crying at his funeral.

I believe, to sum it all up, that the world contains more fools and bigger fools to-day than ever before.

I believe, therefore, that THE FOOL-KILLER is needed, and that it will "fill a long-felt want."

I believe you had better subscribe.

No Use To Die

The other day I found in my mail a greasy-looking roll about the size of a corn cob. On looking into it I found a great assortment of mail-order circulars and advertising matter. The wad had been sent me by one of these professional "circular mailers." I get lots of such stuff, and hardly ever read it, but there was one piece of rot in the recent bunch that caught my eye and I have singled it out as a target. It is an advertisement of a book called "Perpetual Life, or Living in the Body Forever." The alleged book is by a guy named Grammar, and the old fool pretends that he has discovered a great secret the knowledge of which will enable every man and woman to stave off Old Age, give Death the dodge, and hang right on to this present life forever. Yes, bless your soul, if you will divorce yourself from a dollar and get Grammar's book and read it you will be able to make old Methuselah ashamed of himself. When we all get armed with a copy of "Perpetual Life" and get it thoroughly memorized, and get things going according to the new plan, won't we have a glorious old time of it? Just imagine a world full of men three or four thousand years old, with beards long enough to step on, and then think what a poor show a young fellow like Methuselah would have among all those wise old heads. Under the new order a boy will wear his baby dresses until he is a hundred or so. At five hundred he can put on long pants, and when he reaches the thousand mark he can begin to cast sheep's eyes at the blushing maidens of six or eight hundred sweet summers. Yea, verily, that will be the truck!

Shame On 'Em!

The whole fabric of society is honey-combed with corruption and reeking with rottenness. Scandal and scads, rascality and riches, go hand in hand, and they are the only things that can open the gilded doors of society to a man or woman. If you want to stand in with the 400 foolish fops of garrulous Gotham or any other center of snobdom, you have got to be financially sound and morally rotten. Society never enquires how you got your dough or how you lost your decency, so long as your pocket sags heavily and you are willing to go the gaits. Maudlin matrimony, promiscuous paramours and doodlebug divorces constitute the sum of life in swelldom.

Oh, for a law that would compel these kid-glove kangaroos to get out of their gilded dens and follow a burly Buckeye Binder in the blistering sun! And, oh, for another law that would lift the be-jeweled and be-alimonied female fops out of their sealskin slippers and put them to plying a pair of greasy overalls across the corrugated bosom of a washboard!

The Chronicles of Cook

1 And it came to pass in the year of the trusts, 1908, that the voice of adventure spake unto Doc Cook, of the province of Brooklyn, saying:

2 Get thee up quickly, O Doc, and make ready a vessel for the Arctic Seas; for behold thou shalt go in search of the North Pole.

3 And it shall come to pass that when thou needest money thou shalt speak unto one Bradley and he shall put up the scads.

4 And when thou hast gotten thy vessel, after this manner shalt thou lay in supplies; yea, all the things herein mentioned shalt thou take on board:

5 Four hundred dogs, fifty dog sleds, two canvas boats, one balloon, a dozen tents, fifty barrels of dried cow-corpse, twenty-five barrels of hog-corpse, a hundred barrels of bread, eight milk cows, twenty stacks of fodder,

6 Three hundred gallons of corn likker, one Keeley Institute, one thousand pounds of bear skins, fifty feather beds,

7 One telescope, one camera, one moving picture machine, one wireless telegraph outfit, one electric light plant, one blacksmith shop, one drug store,

8 One thousand cords of kindling wood, a wagon load of matches, a dozen Winchester rifles, forty pounds of fish-hooks.

9 And when thou hast provided for thy bodily comfort, behold thou shalt also provide for the intellectual enjoyment of thy company. To this end thou shalt take with thee for reading matter the following books: One Webster's Dictionary, one Sanford's Arithmetic, one Barker's Almanac, one copy of "Through Missouri on a Mule."

10 Thou shalt also carry with thee men skilled in nautical observations, that they may keep thy records for thee. And thou shalt carry one hundred reams of foolscap and five gallons of ink.

11 And behold if thou shalt fail to reach the Pole, thou shalt bribe thy men with money and they shall swear that thou didst get there. Thus thou shalt be able to fool the public.

12 And Doc Cook arose straightway and did as he was commanded and fitted out the ship with supplies.

13 Then it came to pass that Doc Cook sailed away with his crew into the far North to find the Pole.

14 After many weeks he returned with stories of success, and all the world believed and applauded.

15 But there was one named Peary, a mighty man of the Navy, who believed not, the same having also a claim on the North Pole.

16 Then Peary opened his mouth and taught the people, saying: Behold Cook lieth and I can prove it. He hath never been farther north than Boston.

17 Now the University of Copenhagen, when it had examined Doc Cook's records, agreed with Peary that Doc Cook was a liar and a fraud.

18 And about the same hour Doc Cook thought it was time for him to skiddoo, and so he skiddid, and no man knoweth the place of Doc Cook until this day.

A good deal of the "cream of society" ought to be churned.

Extra Senses

In another column, under the entitlement of "Bridging the River of Death," I have somewhat to say about psychic phenomena, Spiritism, Devilism, and so forth. And just now I see that Tom Edison has shouldered his tool kit and joined the bridge force. Who would have thought it of Tom? The idea of him chasing off after spirits, ghosts and hobgoblins! Speaking of what will take place in the near future, listen to the warble of Tom's prophetic tongue:

> "A new force in nature will be discovered, by which things now dubbed "psychic" will be well understood. Mental phenomena will then seem no more wonderful than physical phenomena do now. We have but five senses. If we knew more we would have at least eight."

Yes, my dear Tommy, I feel satisfied that as the devil gets a firmer hold on the world he will be able to make himself seen and felt through extra senses. Man could get along very well with the five senses which God gave him, but the devil wants him to have more, and I guess the devil is able to supply them.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, Editor.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents, Cash in Advance.

Application will be made for entry as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C.

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JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Not Much Difference.

Old Aaron made a golden calf—
He made it, I allow,
Because he hadn't gold enough
To make a full-grown cow.

We're not much wiser than they were—
Those Israelites of old;
We don't make curs up into calves,
But still we worship gold.

Good Morning!

Now, then! You've been wanting something to howl and cuss about, and I reckon you've got it. But hold on. Don't get your back up until you know what you are mad about. Then maybe you'll think over it, and laugh over it, and decide that The Fool-Killer isn't such an awful bad paper, after all.

When I began looking around for a name that would do to fly at the mast-head of my journalistic battleship I wanted something unusual—something startling. I wanted a name that would first catch the eye of the reader, then excite his curiosity, then tickle his funny-bone, and finally furnish him food for serious thought.

When you pick up a stray copy of "The Journal," or "The Post," or "The Chronicle," or "The Herald," or "The Star," or any one of a hundred other over-worked names, you do not experience any thrill of excitement such as a man feels when he has discovered something. You simply glance over the headlines and chuck the thing into the stove, and that is the end of it. But when you see for the first time a copy of The Fool-Killer this is how it effects you: You first jump just a little; then you look again; then you whistle softly; then, if you are a profane man, you cuss a few rounds; then you read some more; then you laugh just moderate; then you read still more; then you hold your sides and just holler; then you go down into your homespun jeans and fish out the price of a year's subscription; by this time everybody for two blocks has gathered around you to see what is the matter; then you read The Fool-Killer to the gang and they all want it; then you take their names and their money and send in a whooping big club.

And that's what they are doing all over these United States of America today. It's all very simple. Get you a bunch of Fool-Killers and try it.

* * *

Go anywhere you please, take any crowd of people you can find, analyze it carefully, and if you don't find it nine-tenths hypocracy and deceit, I've missed my guess.

Idiotorials

Tell your neighbors about this.

Don't act like a hog—unless you are one.

When a man's money goes his friends go with it.

Every neighborhood has at least one Solomon.

The wisest of us haven't got much sense.

The greatest burden this country has to carry is its "idle rich."

Better plow up your cuss patch next spring and plant it in prayer seed.

A little pride makes a man behave. Too much makes him act the fool.

When you stop to think about it, people are awful funny things. It tickles me.

We call some men wise simply because they are not quite so foolish as some other fools.

Day after to-morrow means heaven or hell to lots of people. Where are you at, mister?

The journey of life is very tiresome, and when a man arrives at the end he is out of breath.

Sugarcoat a rascal with money and the world will swallow him quicker than a toad could lick up a fly.

* * *

If you don't like the way the universe is managed, why don't you turn God off and run it yourself?

* * *

Step inside the tent, boys, and watch me apply the mustard-plasters for a whole year. Admission only 25c.

* * *

Conscience cuts but little ice these days. In fact, the world is drifting so close to the hot place that there is no ice to cut.

* * *

We cuss old John D.—and yet how many of us would refuse to accept his pile if he signed it over to us? I'm waiting for an answer.

* * *

Ten million dollars is what Prof. Pickering says it will cost to send a message to Mars. Dog my cats if I wouldn't send it collect.

* * *

Did you ever read about where Jesus built a fine church and installed a pipe organ, and then charged pew rent? No, I don't think you ever did.

Many a man who makes an assault with intent to preach should be convicted of ignorance and sentenced to ten years of hard study of the Bible.

* * *

It looks now like we will have female suffrage pretty soon. And that's the way to talk. I say, give the women a chance to vote, and if they can't elect better officials than the men have been doing, God pity 'em.

* * *

A rich man who loafs about the country and does nothing is called a gentleman; a poor man who loafs about the country and does nothing is called a tramp. Ain't society a glorious old fraud, anyhow?

* * *

Viewed from heaven, the average man wouldn't look as big as a chigger's eye-ball; but get down here beside him and you will think, to watch him strut and hear him talk, that he is as big as a mountain. Great big little insect a man is!

* * *

This howling wilderness which we call "Christian America" recognizes no god but the Dollar. Any person who says it does is either honestly mistaken or a wilful liar. Every time the United States mint turns out a coin bearing the motto, "In God We Trust," it coins a flagrant falsehood that will rise up in judgment and condemn us as a nation.

* * *

I see that God's private secretary—I mean that old bald-headed Dago in Rome—has just performed a new stunt. A party of fool journalists called on the self-righteous old sinner and asked him to "bless" their fountain pens, which request—so the papers say—was granted. Now if that don't just literally take the rag off the bush! I guess the Pope bewitched those pens, and I guess they will hereafter refuse to give down their milk unless they are writing Roman Catholic lies.

* * *

Frankly, I don't like the way Bill Taft is hobnobbing with the Catholics. That Catholic blow-out in Baltimore the other week, at which Taft and all the pie-counter push were guests of honor, was a downright disgrace to the United States of America. Just think—this government was founded upon the principle of separation of Church and State, while Romanism stands, first, last and always, for UNION of Church and State. Rome is hungry for political power, and that's why she is making love to Uncle Sam. And when Sam surrenders to her whorish charms—right there will end our boasted American freedom.

Bridging the River of Death

Sure Mike, they are bridging the river of Death. That's about all there is to do now. Only a few years ago and the wise ones had several strings to their bow. But that was then. It's different now. The Wrights and others have made turnpike roads all through the air. Cook and Peary have pulled up the North Pole by the roots and brought it home to fight over. And so the wise fools are about out of soap-grease. And while they are resting on their laurels and waiting for a better job they will amuse themselves and the world by throwing a suspension bridge across the dark waters of the River Styx.

My friend, William T. Stead, of London, the great English editor, author, statesman, and all-round heavy-weight fool, is head contractor and general boss of the job, and he is being assisted by Prof. James H. Hyslop and other members of the Society for Psychical Research.

The pioneers in the spirit business have been assuring us all these years that there was something doing in their line. They have been advertising ready-made spooks, printed on deckle-edge imagination and bound in purple moonshine, and guaranteed to produce that creepy feeling or money refunded. But the world at large didn't seem especially interested until Mr. Stead brought out his spiritual fiddle and begun to saw like two niggers a-cutting cordwood. Since that the public has been at attention, and we are promised that pretty soon they will pull aside the veil that hangs between and give us a view of the Other Side.

Already Mr. Stead has received a registered letter and several post cards from the spirit world. They were sent, so it appears, from an American girl whom he met in London, and who afterward died. Her name was Julia. I do not know whether Julia was Mr. Stead's "affinity" or not, but they seemed to be as thick as winter molasses. Then one day Julia turned her pink toes toward the roots of the daisies. Nothing unusual happened until some time later when Stead announced in all seriousness that he had got a message from Julia. And he has been getting them ever since. The method is this: Stead takes his pencil in hand and sits down to his desk. A strange power takes possession of his hand and it begins to write. The handwriting is Julia's to a dot, and she signs her name at the bottom. She has a lot to say, but she does not give much satisfactory information about the spirit world. The things I am most anxious to know about how they do business on the other side are the very things that Julia never mentions. She never says a blessed thing about how the weather is in that country, and what they have to eat, and whether they wear any clothes or not. She never speaks of God nor Christ, neither does she state whether her place of abode is heaven or hell, or some place between. So if all the messages that come from the spirit world are as indefinite as Julia's, I don't care a rap whether I hear from over there or not.

Now it occurs to me that a man like William T. Stead could have no excuse for handing the world a gold brick. He would have everything to lose and nothing to gain by so doing. I believe, therefore, that Stead is telling the truth—or thinks he is. There is no doubt in my mind that he gets the messages just as he says he does. His case is not the only one. There have recently come to light in the United States several similar cases. Scientists have examined these strange manifestations under test conditions and declare there is no chance for fraud or deception. Real messages actually do come from the spirit world—or from somewhere. That much is certain. The question is: Who sends the messages? Do they really come from people who have died, or do they come from the Devil? My answer is, they come from the Devil, most assuredly. Satan is well acquainted with every incident in the life of every mortal, and he can impersonate at will any dead person he pleases. And that is exactly what happens. The right name for it, gentlemen, is Devilism. I shall have more to say about Devilism in future issues. Subscribe now and don't miss any of the Warm Truck.

A Royal Sucker

Pretty soon—so rumor says—and the world will be treated to another dog-fall in the realm of riches and royalty. Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of George, is the woman in the case. She baited her hook with a few millions in small change and went fishing in the matrimonial pond. And now she has caught a royal sucker, who is known to London poodle-dog society as Stuart Fitz James, the Duke of Berwick. I call him a sucker advisedly, because he will suck all the goody out of Marjorie's financial sugar-tit and then there will be another job for the divorce mill. It is ever so.

* * *

I reckon they call it "full dress" when a society woman appears at a swell blow-out with her dress so full and running over that half of her naked body sticks out at the top.

"Castle Gates"

BY JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past fifteen years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book is copyrighted. It has 108 pages and contains 93 poems, all of which were written because I couldn't help it. Some of the Knowing Ones who have looked in on my Sheaf of Song pronounce it very pleasant to take. Listen to what some of the Choice Spirits have said about me and my work:

Prof. Stephen B. Weeks, distinguished author and critic, Greensboro, N. C., says: "I have dipped into 'Castle Gates' a little and found the contents of a much higher order than I expected. The rhythm is good and the music far superior to the poetry of many men who have an established reputation."

Dr. Kemp P. Battle, of the University of North Carolina, says: "I thank you heartily for the book of beautiful poems. I find it very interesting and am glad to place it in my collection of North-Caroliniana."

Prof. George Damrel Beason, author of "The Woman of the Hour" and other works of fiction, says: "The book contains truth beautifully expressed. It has the touches of a master. It is not a mere jingling of verse, such as is sometimes put out by amateurs. Such a work of merit deserves to have a wide reading, which I beliieve it will have."

Mr. E. Roscoe Hall, poet and author, Wilmington, N. C., says: "James Larkin Pearson has sung his way deeper into my soul than any other poet of modern times."

But you don't want to take some other man's word for it—you want to get the book and see for yourself. A fifty-cent money order or fifty cents in Free Silver will bring it to you postpaid. Address:

James Larkin Pearson, Moravian Falls, North Carolina

Whip Crackers

Nature abhors a vacuum—she always furnishes a fool to fill it.

* * *

Talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy United States Senators.

* * *

The Bible never says a good word for a rich man or a dog. Some men are both.

* * *

If the church wants to prosper spiritually it must quit hanging on to aristocracy's shirt-tail.

* * *

A great many people get their patience mixed up with their indolence.

* * *

The fellow who tells you the world is growing better is either a liar or a fool.

* * *

A few men have sought glory at the cannon's mouth, but most men seek it at their own mouth.

* * *

A starving man don't want to hear a lecture on the science of cooking—he wants a piece of bread.

* * *

The difference between a thief and a financier is this—the financier steals enough to keep him out of jail.

* * *

An exchange says the devil is gaining on the churches. Gaining nothing! He's done caught up and joined and been baptized.

* * *

Is it just an accident that nearly every one of our U. S. Senators are millionaires? Or is it just a plain case of the money power bossing the people?

* * *

When the devil sees a big, plump, chicken-fed preacher going along the street puffing at a ten-cent cigar, I'll bet he laughs till his sides ache.

* * *

One of these Harvard professors is trying to find out what sleep is composed of. If the blubbering fool would ask me I could tell him—sleep is composed of unconsciousness and snores.

* * *

When I see one of these old gripe-gutted, close-fisted, flint-hearted, hypocritical church members get down on his marrow-bones and ask the Lord to provide for the widows and orphans, I can't help wondering what would happen if some deserving widow should ask the old skinflint for a little help. If he didn't set the dog on her he would fling her a skippery hock bone and tell her to go to thunder. He don't propose to make a prayer and then turn around and answer it himself—he's got God hired to do that.

When I Can Read My Title Clear.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in Wall Street,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And corner all the wheat.

Should want against my gold engage
And labor want a job,
Then I can smile at hunger's rage,
And face a frowning mob.

Let fines like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of taxes fall;
I only have to crook my thumb
And labor pays it all.

Then shall I bathe my greedy soul
In seas of Standard Oil,
And watch the unearned profits roll
From out the hands of toil.

Mac Olin, the "Official Fool"

An editor is supposed to know everything, but let me tell you there are some things that even an editor don't know. I discovered that last night in the course of a conversation with Mac Olin. Mac is the Official Fool of the FOOL-KILLER office, and he is the only fool in the world who has nothing to fear from THE FOOL-KILLER. Fact is, I have become somewhat attached to Mac, and have decided to put him on the regular force. He will have the freedom of the office at all hours of the day, with the extra privilege of firing the boss whenever he feels like it.

Mac Olin's father was a soap-peddler and his mother was a witch, and he takes after them both. Talk? Well, I should smile! His talker is equipped with a fountain but no throw-off, and although his mental belt often runs on the slack pulley, his tongue does a rushing business and never asks for a day off. And, after all, some of his fool sayings are wiser than Solomon and funnier than the pictures in "Punch."

Well, as I was saying, Mac Olin came swaggering into my private gold-plated office early last evening, and I could see by the cut of his eye that there was something impending. He deliberately took possession of my best upholstered easy-chair and turned on the music.

"I jest drapped in," says he, "to unload me mind on ye concerning this-here Christian Silence ye've been a-hearing so much about."

"Christian Silence?" says I thoughtfully, "are you sure that's it? Maybe you mean Christian Science."

"Well, mebby I do," says he. "Whatever it is I can tell ye it's a good thing. Somebody has been sending me the 'Christian Silent Monster,' published in the city of Massa-chews-it, in the State of Boston."

I knew Mac had reference to the "Christian Science Monitor," but I remained eloquently silent, and Mac proceeded:

"I've been reading every word of the 'Christian Silent Monster' fer several weeks, and I've larnt more than I ever knowed before. In fact, I'm a full-blooded Christian Silentist with all the latest attachments. Christian Silence is a great developer of the subways of mental confusion, and I feel sorry fer all you shaller-minded folks what ain't got into the transmografyin' light of it all. Why, man, it's all a mistake about there being anything in the world. Also there ain't any world. It just seems to us like there is a world and things in it, and therefore we say they exist, but they don't. It's all a mental delusion. For instance, when the daily papers tell about a train wreck they are just feeding their readers on moonshine. Here is the way the 'Christian Silent Monster' would tell it: 'The alleged passenger train which is supposed to run between the imaginary towns of New Delphia and Philamayork, appeared to fall from a high trestle early yesterday morning, and about fifty alleged passengers who thought they were on the train, were seemingly very much jolted up and buried beneath the imaginary wreckage. The fragments of the supposed passengers were apparently distributed along the track for three hundred yards, and the fool passengers seemed to imagine that they were dead. It is a great pity that people will be led astray by such delusions.'"

"Very edifying," says I when he had finished, "but if everything else is imaginary, isn't it likely that Christian Science is imaginary, too? Maybe you just suppose you believe like you imagine you think you do, and maybe that isn't real, either."

"Oh, yes, Christian Silence is a sure-enough reality, an' it is the only real thing in all this unreal universe. Everything else is imaginary. You take pain, fer example. People are always complaining of having pains in their body. Now that's all nonsense. I ain't had an ache nor pain about me since I begun to be a Christian Silentist. I just believe that there is not any such thing as pain, and therefore I am never bothered with——Oh! murder! What in the devil was that?" he yelled, jumping to his feet and clawing at the seat of his pants.

While stooping to pick up some pieces of manuscript that had fallen to the floor just back of Mac's chair, I had taken advantage of the opportunity to jab a large brass pin into his chair-warmer.

There was nothing more said about Christian Science at that sitting, and Mac soon led himself out at the back door and faded into the landscape.

Agents Wanted

I want a good hustling Agent at every postoffice to take subscriptions for THE FOOL-KILLER. My terms to Agents are very liberal, and will be sent on application. The name, "FOOL-KILLER," is so odd and unusual that it attracts attention wherever it is shown, and an Agent can easily make several dollars a day. Get my Agents' terms and a bunch of Samples and start to work at once.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

Social Maggots

Now while we're waiting for the coffee to cool, I'll just wind up my music-box and play you a few snatches of that grand old hymn called "Socialism." Everybody join in the chorus. We're going to make the rafters ring and the shingles dance to the music. Socialism is more popular among the masses than any other tune I know of. It's on everybody's lips, and those who are not singing its praises are cussing the eternal tar out of it. And I'd be willing to bet my interest in the North Pole that nine out of ten who cackle so big about Socialism wouldn't know Socialism from a load of cross-ties if they met it in the road.

The Socialists dance all around and declare that society is rotten and that they have the remedy. Those who oppose the cult are just as free to tell you that Socialism is a scab on society's sore leg, and that otherwise there is nothing wrong. Now I submit that both of the above statements are a million miles from the truth. If you wait for the question to be settled by either of those rules, you'll be waiting here when the Millennial Express comes tooting in with all the angels on board. What you want to do, gentlemen, is to face the truth squarely and admit that everything is rotten—including Society, Church and State—and that the reeking rottenness of things in general breeds Socialists just as naturally as a decaying carcass breeds maggots. Socialism is neither the disease nor the remedy; it is only a nest of Social Maggots wriggling in the putrid filth of existing conditions.

Heavens alive, Mr. Socialist-Cusser, what are you talking about? If you've got sense enough to melt a hole in snow with hot water you know that the Socialists have good grounds for the cry they raise against the evils of the "system." On that point they are everlastingly right. They've got the longest lever and the best heel that any set of fools ever had, and if they only had good common sense they might accomplish something in the way of reform. But here they come ripping and snorting down the turnpike of time, like a gang of wild bulls in a hornet's nest, and proposing to do the impossible. They are going to prove that an army of maggots can get into the carcass of a dead horse and bring the horse back to life and health. But that's where they run off their trolley. Most any fool can tell when a horse is dead, but even a wise man can't bring him to life again.

Admitting, then, that there is something devilish rotten up on the headwaters of Society Creek, and that Socialism is not the medicine, what are we to do? Well, now, you've got me. I don't know that there's much of anything we can do only just grin and bear it. The devil seems to have a bull-dog's grip on this old world of trouble and tall churches, and there doesn't seem to be much chance of shaking him loose.

* * *

People who spend all their time talking about their neighbors are usually not sufficiently intelligent to talk about anything else.

* * *

There are thousands of homeless and hungry women and children shivering in the streets of New York these cold winter nights with no place to sleep. And just inside a thousand palace doors there is warmth and light and luxury. And yet there are people who would dare to call New York a civilized city. My God, what nerve!

* * *

Perhaps the *Appeal to Reason* has done the country a good service in exposing Judge Grosscup, but I could have more respect for the *Appeal* and its Socialistic gang if they were not so everlastingly inconsistent. Though Grosscup were sevenfold blacker than he is painted, he is only a type of what all men would have to be if Socialism prevailed. Why expose and punish one man for wrecking one home, and then turn right around and establish a system that would wreck every home in the land—a system that would make every man a libertine and every woman a prostitute? That's what Socialism would do, and I double-dare any Socialist to deny it.

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY, 1910. NO. 2.

WHO GOT SNUBBED?

Alas, and did I read it right?
  Or have my eyes grown dim?
Did Fairbanks snub the Pope of Rome,
  Or did the Pope snub him?

The Hoosier statesman was in Rome
  A-taking in the town;
He talked with the Italian king,
  And did the job up brown.

He had his plans already made
  To drop in right away
And shake the Pope's old fishy hand
  And pass the time o' day.

Meantime the Methodists had sent
  A very strong request;
It said that by the Hoosier man
  They'd like to be addressed.

And then the Pope a message sent;
  It ran: "Look here—ahem!—
If you desire to talk to ME,
  You must not talk to them!"

The Methodists got theirs, all right;
  The Pope—his share was slim;
And now did Fairbanks snub the Pope,
  Or did the Pope snub him?

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

Oh, murder! Police! Run here with the camphor quick! A terrible crime has been committed. I can hardly hold back the scalding tears long enough to pen these immortal lines.

One of the contributors to "The Star of Hope," an intellectual journal published by the inmates of Sing Sing prison, has been detected in the crime of stealing editorial thunder from the works of Bill Shakespeare, Julia Ward Howe, and other great editors.

Oh, the pity of it! The shame of it! How it upsets our time-honored traditions to think of a citizen of Sing Sing in the capacity of a thief! The bright pages of "The Star of Hope" are contaminated forever, and all Sing Sing howls. If Shakespeare had plagiarized from "The Star of Hope" it would have caused no surprise, as we have always heard that Shakespeare was a sheep-rogue in his young days; but for "The Star of Hope" to plagiarize from Shakespeare—well, what is the world coming to, anyhow?

The effects of this crime will be far-reaching. The uttermost ends of the earth will wail because of it. All the eminent literary men who have looked forward with pleasure to spending a few years at Sing Sing will now heave a mournful sigh and return mechanically to their old tasks. All the self-respecting prisoners will petition for pardons, and who can blame them? They will close their roll-top desks with a pang of regret, and the chains and padlocks that have held them there for years will know them no more forever. How utterly sad to contemplate!

THE COST OF LIVING.

The cost of living has come up for discussion, and the wise ones are putting their heads together to see what can be done about it.

The trouble seems to be that everybody is charging everybody too much for everything that everybody has to buy. Now if everybody would sign up an agreement with everybody to charge everybody only half as much for everything as everybody pays for everything today, it seems to me that everybody would then be perfectly happy.

A man's existence here in the world costs just all that can be squeezed out of it. If a man's income is $200 a year he can live passably well on $200. But if his income increases to $1,000 a year, then it takes $1,000 a year to run him. And so it goes. The more a man prospers and the bigger his wad, the harder the world squeezes his hand to make him drop it. The process of living manages to wring from a fellow, in one way or another, about all he can make, be it much or little. There are exceptions, to be sure, but I am speaking of the average plodder through this wilderness of tears—the men on the dead level of humdrum existence, with no rich uncle and no political pull.

The consumer is the key to the whole situation, but he can't help himself. Every time he moves up a step in his methods of living, the departments above him automatically adjust themselves to a new cost basis, and thus the merry war goes on. Man is a bull when he wants to sell and a bear when he wants to buy; and the bull movements and the bear movements work out by the rule of cancellation and leave us right where we started. Then we start all over again and get the same results as before. We kick if the price we sell at is low, and we kick if the price we buy at is high. And it all goes to emphasize the fact that we don't any of us know much about what we want, nohow.

THE HOBO AND THE HOE.

Word comes from Missouri that some of the charitably-inclined out there are working on a plan to colonize the hoboes. George M. Jackson, a wealthy farmer, has offered to donate 4,000 acres of land for the purpose. J. Harvey Nolan, a Socialist, has offered several hundred acres more. And so they are going to take up the unwashed knight of the road, give him a soap-bath and a goose-neck hoe, and put him to farming.

Maybe they are, but I doubt it. I am also "from Missouri" in this particular case, and they will have to show me. When they get all the Plodding Petes and all the Meandering Mikes rounded up in a nice bunch and go to drilling them in the science of agriculture, I would like to be there to see. I would like to stand in open-mouthed wonder on the sun-lit summit of Hobo Heights and watch the desert blossom like the pumpkin vine.

All that would be as pretty as red shoes, but I never expect to see it. I tell you Pete and Mike are not built that way. The genus hobo is a natural outgrowth of civilization, and you can't rub him off the map. He is here to stay. It would be cruelty to animals to try to make a farmer of the hobo. He would pine away like a sick rat and go into the hands of a receiver. Pete likes his present job. Farmer Corntossel could never be Pete, neither could Pete be Farmer Corntossel. The two professions will not mix worth a cent. The hobo's home address is 23 Skiddoo St., On-the-Road, Anywhere, and he likes to stay at home. When he does travel he carries his suit-case in one pocket and his trunk in another and puts up at the best strawstack on the road. He is president of the Work Haters' Union and secretary of the Kitchen Door Grub Seekers' Association. He works so hard devising ways and means to keep from work that he has absolutely no time to work.

But here's to the Socialistic Hobo Colony, and may it live long and cut a wide swath.

Work hard, and cheat your fellow-men;
  Live on the scraps you cannot sell;
And there's nine chances out of ten
  That you'll die rich and go to hell.

TURN THE RASCAL LOOSE!

The following is a copy of the petition which is being circulated in behalf of Convict Morse. Read it:

"To His Corpulency, William Howard Taft, President of the United States:

"Dear Bill:—We, the undersigned members of the Society for the Prevention of Punishment for Thieves, do humbly command your Excellent Fatness to write out and sign without delay a full and absolute pardon for Charles Wayward Morse, our unfortunate brother who is now doing time in the Atlanta Federal Prison.

"We know that Morse is guilty of every crime in the catalogue of high finance, and that he richly deserved a life-sentence instead of fifteen years. But that isn't the question. Morse was one of the Big Ikes, and the court had no right to send him to prison. If he had been a one-gallus laboring man and had stolen a chicken or a pair of old shoes, then the court would have had a right to hang him if it wanted to. But Brother Morse was a poor down-trodden money-king. He had never known the luxury of owning a fine assortment of poverty. And just because he stole a few millions to run a few banks to control a few ice-houses to destroy a few lives, the law has dared to punish him as severely as it would a chicken-thief! We refuse to submit to it. We swear by the Great Hopping Toad that such an injustice shall not be done. Therefore we warn you, Mr. President, that you had better belly up to your typewriter and punch out that pardon right at once."

Look Out!

It will pay you to be on the lookout for the March number of THE FOOL-KILLER. It will be by all odds the richest thing in the way of a paper that you ever saw. I have several whopping big fools in soak, ready to be skinned in next issue. If you want a piece of the hide for shoestrings, you better send in your subscription to-day. Show this to all your friends and send in a big club. I am not talking to that other fellow now—I'm talking to YOU!

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, Editor.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents, Cash in Advance.

Application will be made for entry as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C.

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Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

There's lots of use. It pays.

A dude is an empty place with clothes on.

Morse is no doubt filled with re-morse.

The insurgents at Washington continue to insurge.

Jealousy is a key that opens a great many wedlocks.

Some fools are born that way, and others are self-made.

A deck of cards is nothing but a bundle of admission tickets to hell.

The Booger-Man will get you if you don't subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

The natural-born fool is to be pitied—it's the self-made kind that I despise.

If you love your neighbor the best way to prove it is to take his subscription to The Fool-Killer.

There is a remedy for everything in the world except some of the remedies.

Why in all creation don't you subscribe for The Fool-Killer? It will be good for your soul.

The "lady" who loves to hug and kiss a nasty poodle-dog is the same "lady" who thinks babies are an awful bother.

The penitentiary is a mighty popular resort for the millionaires this winter. At least, I notice lots of them are going there.

The man who votes for prohibition and then tanks up on mail-order booze, is about ten degrees meaner than the devil.

I have given away my socks and sold my collar buttons, and now who can deny that I am a real editor?

Some people are so everlastingly optimistic that they could eat a full dinner of carrion and think it was fried chicken.

Lots of the male kids of today seem to think that the sooner they begin to smoke cigarettes and cuss the sooner they will become men. Poor little silly fools! What they need is a mammy with a back-bone like a Hercules, a right arm like a blacksmith and a shoulder-load of switches.

Humorists are the greatest thieves in the world. They slip around and steal every one of my bright thoughts before I ever think of them.

If any of these tobacco-chewing, ambear-squirting church members ever get to heaven, the angels will have an awful time cleaning up after them.

This talk about men springing from a monkey isn't so unreasonable after all. I have known some real nice women to spring from a mouse.

How any decent woman can have the stomach to kiss an old nasty, stinking, tobacco-smeared mouth is more than I could ever understand.

The Marquis Cusani-Confalioneri is to be the Italian Ambassador at Washington. He will not wear his full name except in real cold weather.

The church has to take a back seat when the theatre opens up, and then when the prize-fight comes to town the theatre is only a side-show.

Thirty bankers in Leavenworth Prison! My! that many bankers ought to be able to start a First National Bank in the old prison and steal everything that's loose.

An old dram-drinking, tobacco-chewing hypocrite leading in prayer at church always reminded me of a chinch swimming in a tub of cologne.

There is a man in Atlanta who keeps 2,000 gallons of joyful juice in his closet for the benefit of snake-bites and the like. Atlanta must be an awful snakey place.

When you hear one of these little 1x0 self-righteous snoligosters cussing The Fool-Killer, you can just remind the little spaniel that it is generally the bit puppy that howls.

The woman who plays bridge whist, and other so-called "innocent games" at a church social, or elsewhere, is the mammy of the boy who will some day stretch hemp.

All men and women who sign a petition to let that scallawag Morse out of the Atlanta Federal Prison, deserve to be dressed in zebra clothes and put in there with him.

They tell me that when Charles W. Morse was released from the Tombs Prison without a cent to his name, he "made" seven million dollars in less than four months. It's a lie. He may have stolen that much but he never made a cent of it. Maybe the ex-ice-king and bank-wrecker will learn a thing or two about making money during his sojourn in Atlanta.

Look here, madam, if you are tied up for life to a thing that drinks likker, chews tobacco, smokes, cusses and plays cards, I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd just spit on the thing and drown it.

The papers have made a great to-do in recording the death of Miss Eleanor Wilson, at one time a nurse in the Rockefeller home. To cross the branch on a log that Rockefeller's dog crossed on is enough to make a person famous. Great is boodle.

The women of the fashionable churches think gambling is all right if its object is to raise money for the church. Look here, you old dish-faced heifers, you can raise money that way, but the devil is going to charge a big rent for the use of his tools, and don't you forget it.

How are your hookworms getting along this cold weather? If they lose their appetite, turn pale behind the ears, or show any other signs of being sick, you should send a wireless postal card to John D. and get his new book, "The Care and Culture of the Hookworm." You might also tell him to send you your part of that million by freight.

At Bryson City, N. C., a few nights ago, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Swain County, three fools were "thawing out" a stick of dynamite on the radiator, for the purpose of killing fish in the river near by. The fish are still alive, but the courthouse is a total wreck, and the three fools—well, there wasn't anything left for The Fool-Killer to do.

Talk about consistency! I'll just be mortally flabbergasted if the newspapers aren't getting it down fine. It has got to be the fashion to run syndicate sermons from some of the double-barrelled gospel guns of the country, and on every page where you find a sermon you also find about a dozen glaring likker ads. Any editor who will be guilty of such moral depravity ought to be hung up by the hind legs in a butcher-yard and shot to death with a cannon loaded with beef-entrails.

THE PIOUS PLUTOCRAT.

I saw the pious plutocrat
Put on his shining beaver hat,
Adjust with care his silken tie
Around a collar stiff and high.

Then just beneath his bloated chin
He stuck a costly diamond pin,
Drew on his gloves, picked up his cane,
And strutted forth in proud disdain.

'Twas Sabbath morn, and from the bell
Of the great church the summons fell,
Commanding people everywhere
To gather in and worship there.

The pious plutocrat, forsooth,
Had been a deacon from his youth;
You would not find in days of search
So strong a "pillar of the church."

A poor blind beggar by the way
Sat asking alms from day to day;
And in his haughtiness and pride
The plute passed on the other side.

Now when this plutocrat so great
Arrived at church some minutes late,
A pale young man, whom no one knew,
Sat in the plute's upholstered pew.

His clothes were seedy and betrayed
The awful struggle he had made
Against the "vested rights" of wrong,
That sought to crush him in the throng.

The pious plutocrat, when he
The coarse intruder chanced to see,
Set up a howl that shook the spire,
The while his eyes were flashing fire.

"Get out, you dog!" he fairly hissed,
And shook his jewel-laden fist;
"You common cur! this costly pew
Was never meant for such as you.

"Out on the streets where you belong,
And listen to the dago's song;
God's house is for the men with cash;
We don't admit your kind of trash."

The pale young man passed down the aisle,
And lingered on the steps awhile;
Then slowly walked away from there,
And left the plutocrat at prayer.

That night when every sound was mute
And slumber wrapped the pious plute,
A vision stood beside his bed,
And in calm tones the vision said:

"Sir, did you recognize today
The pale young man you drove away?
Thou fool, deprav'd and money-priced,
He was none other than the Christ."

REMEMBER OLD DAN.

Lexington, N. C.—The log cabin which the Daniel Boone Memorial Association ordered built on the traditional site of the cabin of the Boone family in Boone township, this county, has been completed. It is as nearly as possible an exact reproduction of the original.—News item.

And that, beloved, is what comes of being famous. Poor old Dan! In the good old days when he used to roam the forest with his flint-lock Winchester, picking elephants and other small game from the topmost branches, I remember that he was not very sociable. Dan wanted the whole county to himself, and when he got a 'phone message one day that another family was moving into the county, he shouldered his gun, called his dog and emigrated. No crowded cities for Dan. He wanted elbow room.

Daniel Boone was born in Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina. At present he has about fifty-seven birth-places in each of the three states. As time goes on the number will be increased. I hope to see the day when every town and village can claim the birth-place of Boone. Nothing adds to the interest of a community like having several of Boone's birth-places located around it. If there is any community which has not yet acquired one of these birth-places and desires to do so it should make application at once.

Any neighborhood that does not feel financially able to afford a birth-place of Boone can at least be the happy possessor of a Boone cabin. This is a matter which should not be neglected, and I urge all public-spirited citizens to give it their prompt attention.

Several hundred places in North Carolina have already been identified as the exact spot where Boone used to live. At each of these places the original Boone cabin should be rebuilt and filled with rare and sacred Boone relics. If the local supply of Boone relics is not sufficient to fill the cabin, do not take the matter to heart and grieve over it. I am informed that first-class Boone relics, ranging all the way from a butcher-knife to a bear's foot, can be bought in car-load lots from any of the mail-order houses.

Our friends in Davidson county have set a worthy example, and I hope every county and township will organize a Boone Memorial Association and get down to business. It is a duty we owe to posterity to mark these hallowed spots while yet there are people living who have heard their grandfathers say that they were told by their great-grandfathers that they had it straight from an old family tradition that Daniel Boone once sat down there to pick a briar out of his toe.

Agents Wanted

I want a good hustling Agent at every postoffice to take subscriptions for THE FOOL-KILLER. My terms to Agents are very liberal, and will be sent on application. The name, "FOOL-KILLER," is so odd and unusual that it attracts attention wherever it is shown, and an Agent can easily make several dollars a day. Get my Agents' terms and a bunch of Samples and start to work at once.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

Climb onto a goods-box and yell "FOOL-KILLER!" at the top of your voice a few times, and then when the crowd gathers read this paper to them. Try it once.

◆

I know several poor rakes of men who can't feed and clothe their children, but who keep five or six great nasty dogs to feed. The dogs are fed first, and if there are any scraps left they are thrown to the children.

"Castle Gates"

BY JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past fifteen years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book is copyrighted. It has 108 pages and contains 93 poems, all of which were written because I couldn't help it. Some of the Knowing Ones who have looked in on my Sheaf of Song pronounce it very pleasant to take. Listen to what some of the Choice Spirits have said about me and my work:

Prof. Stephen B. Weeks, distinguished author and critic, Greensboro, N. C., says: "I have dipped into 'Castle Gates' a little and found the contents of a much higher order than I expected. The rhythm is good and the music far superior to the poetry of many men who have an established reputation."

Dr. Kemp P. Battle, of the University of North Carolina, says: "I thank you heartily for the book of beautiful poems. I find it very interesting and am glad to place it in my collection of North-Caroliniana."

Prof. George Damrel Beason, author of "The Woman of the Hour" and other works of fiction, says: "The book contains truth beautifully expressed. It has the touches of a master. It is not a mere jingling of verse, such as is sometimes put out by amateurs. Such a work of merit deserves to have a wide reading, which I believe it will have."

Mr. E. Roscoe Hall, poet and author, Wilmington, N. C., says: "James Larkin Pearson has sung his way deeper into my soul than any other poet of modern times."

But you don't want to take some other man's word for it—you want to get the book and see for yourself. A fifty-cent money order or fifty cents in Free Silver will bring it to you postpaid. Address:

James Larkin Pearson, Moravian Falls, North Carolina

FIVE CENTS A CUSS.

I notice that some of the manufacturing plants in and around the city of Lenoir, N. C., have organized what they call Anti-Profanity Clubs. All hands and the cook are required to pay a fine of five cents for each oath or profane word spoken. The money thus collected goes into a fund to aid any operative who might in any way become disabled for work.

There is a whole lot of good sense embodied in that idea, and it seems strange that nobody had thought of it before. The originator of that scheme deserves an Andy gold medal as big as a dinner plate, and his name ought to be written in flaming letters of light above the entrance to every factory and business establishment in the land. He is one of the real benefactors of the race, and whether his name becomes a household word or not, he will get his reward. Let us hope that the Anti-Profanity Club idea will spread until it covers the earth as the waters cover the sea.

To the man who has any decency about him, or any respect for either God or man, there is nothing more repulsive than the cussing habit. It is entirely useless and entirely senseless. No other form of vice gives so little in return for service rendered. The man who steals gets something that he wants—something, it may be, that he needs. He who fights gets something, if only a black eye. The man who gets drunk gets to enjoy the luxury of feeling rich for a few hours. The man who gambles gets something—he gets broke, if nothing else. The man who lies usually gets something by lying. But the man who goes around peddling on a cheap grade of profanity gets absolutely nothing for his trouble. And yet three fourths of the men you meet can't talk with you ten seconds without dragging in a few cuss words.

Some men cuss simply to attract attention.

Some men cuss because they think it adds force to what they say.

Some men cuss because they think it sounds nice.

Some men cuss only when they get mad, to let their steam off. If they didn't cuss they'd bust.

Some men cuss to show that they are not afraid to cuss.

Some men cuss to keep from being mistaken for a saint.

But after all is said, it is want of sense, coupled with real low-down, rotten meanness, that makes a man cuss. Aside from the fact that it is a sin against God, it is an investment that don't pay dividends here in the present world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Burlington, N. C.

Dear Sir:—I received your paper, The Fool-Killer, and like it fine. Perhaps I will get up a club. Yours truly,

CHARLES B. WAY.

Jonesville, N. C.

Please send me a bunch of Fool-Killers and your terms to agents. I think I can get up a good many subscribers to your little paper.

Yours truly,

WALTER MARTIN.

Meltonsville, Ala.

Dear Sir:—Please send me a nice bundle of your Fool-Killers. I am not a subscriber, but hope to be as soon as I can get up a club for you.

Yours very truly,

JAMES LOYD.

Newcastle, N. C.

Dear Mr. Pearson:—I desire to be an agent for The Fool-Killer. I think it is so much needed down here. I think I can get several subscribers. Please send samples and agents terms. Very truly yours,

ANDREW H. CASEY.

St. Anthony, Idaho.

Dear Mr. Pearson:—I got the sample copies of The Fool-Killer all O.K. and it hits the spot. So I send 25 cts. for one year. Begin with the February number, and I hope to see you build up till you can send out a weekly sheet of the same hot stuff.

Yours truly,

T. R. PUCKETT.

Elkin, N. C.

Dear Sir:—Please enter my subscription to your paper for one year, sending me the February issue. By entering the subscription of K. C. Council, R.F.D. 1, Apex, N. C., and writing him personally that The Fool-Killer is sent him one year with my compliments, you will greatly oblige, Yours truly,

N. W. THARP.

Meltonsville, Ala.

Dear Mr. Pearson:—I received the first copy of The Fool-Killer yesterday, and I assure you that I am well pleased with it. It is the very sort of a paper that we have been needing in this country for a long time. It tells the truth from start to finish. You can count on me as a permanent subscriber to The Fool-Killer. I will also try to get up a club for the paper after awhile. So God bless the editor of The Fool-Killer. Yours truly,

STEVE NELSON.

Walnut Springs, Tex.

Dear Sir:—A friend handed me a copy of The Fool-Killer. I read it and handed it to a friend, and he returned it to me with 50 cents. Showed it to another friend and he said, "Put me down for 25 cents." I thought the Fool-Killer was dead or had got so far behind with his work that he had become discouraged and quit. But I am glad to learn he is still alive and going to work again. Find enclosed Money Order for $1.00 for which send your paper one year to the enclosed names. Please send me a few copies and I will hand them to friends who might send you their subscriptions.

Yours respectfully,

C. A. BROTHERTON.

THE GAMBLING FOOLS.

THE FOOL-KILLER would not be doing its duty if it did not take a whack at the gambling fools. Gambling is getting dangerous these days because it is getting popular. It has got so that people who boast of belonging to the "best society," and even leaders in the church, consider it no harm to gamble. Only they don't call it by that ugly name. They call it "innocent amusement."

I quote the following from Rev. Josephus Stephan, of St. Louis:

> A fond mother was showing a visitor, in the presence of her son, a fine punch bowl which she had won a short time before at a progressive euchre party, and was very proud indeed of her achievement. Suddenly her son, just reaching manhood, pulled out a roll of greenbacks and, thumping it on the table, said: "See what I won playing cards the other night." The mother, startled and horrified, said: "Why, son, have you been gambling?"

Now, then, good people, what do you think of that? You see that poor fool woman had sense enough to recognize the fact and call it by its right name when done by her son, but she failed to see that she had just as certainly been gambling as he had, and that she was just as guilty, morally and legally. In fact, she was more guilty than he was. That boy would not have been a gambler if his fine, fashionable, church-going mammy had not set the example. And if the devil takes that boy to hell and don't take his mammy also, he is not fit to be a devil.

Fully half of the churches of the country, especially the city churches, have been turned into veritable gambling dens. They want money to carpet the church, and they get up a church social of some kind, at which they have a number of "innocent" card games and other gambling devices to get the money. Then they want a desk or a chart or something for the Sunday School room. Nothing to do but stir around and get up a church fair or some other sort of a shindig, and there's your money. It's just as easy as for a tobacco-chewer to spit ambear on the front elevation of his biled shirt.

The church in these days don't care a continental dried-apple snap whether the world opens its heart to the gospel or not, just so it opens its pocketbook good and wide. An infidel once said: "I think your God must be in great need of money, by the tricks the churches practice to get it for Him." And that was a hard lick, and well aimed, although it came from an infidel.

The main big reason that gambling is on the increase throughout the world is that the old poor, blind, miserable, naked Laodicean Church of Mammon has taken it up and teaches it in the Sunday School along with the Catechism and the Lord's Prayer. God have mercy on such a world and such a church! Amen.

SAMBO'S UNCLE ADAM.

St. Louis, Feb. 3.—That the negro did not get his color from Ham and that he is not even a member of the race of Adam, but a descendant of one of the four or five brothers Adam must have had, is the belief of the Rev. Dr. Edwin H. Richards, for 30 years a missionary in Ugunda, Africa.

"The negro never came from Ham. You can't get a black man from a white one, either by time or conditions," said Dr. Richards.

"The black man is co-Adamic with Adam. Adam probably had about four brothers the Bible does not mention, and it was from one of these brothers that the negro must have descended."—Associated Press Dispatch.

Great whoop to glory! That fixes it. The muchly mooted mystery in regard to Sambo's paternal pappy has been cleared up at last. The last shadow of doubt has vanished, and the world's hunger for knowledge has been satisfied once more. And again I say, glory! And likewise, hallelujah!

A very scholarly book has just appeared on the market purporting to prove that the Negro is a Jew, (or that the Jew is a Negro, which amounts to the same.) The proof seemed to be conclusive enough, viewed in the half-light of our former conception of things. But now that Dr. Richards has thrown his great intellectual searchlight back across the centuries and discovered Adam's brothers, we must conclude that the scholarly historian, Dr. Abernethy, has been led into an error. The Jew is known to have descended from Adam, and if Sambo descended from Adam's brother Sam, then the two races cannot be more than cousins. Dr. Richards fails to mention the names of Adam's brothers, but I think one of them must have been Sam. Perhaps the others were Tom and Bob and Ben. Evidently the Bible made a bad blunder in not making mention of Adam's brothers. Moses must have known that the race question would come up and that Booker Washington would want to know all the facts.

Dr. Richards does not explain the matter of color to my satisfaction, but I am led to suppose that when the Creator went down in the river bottom to get mud to make the boys out of, He must have got one spade-full of black mud and made Sam out of that.

THE BOX SUPPER.

Say, Mister, did you ever see a Box Supper? Well, if you never did, I'll tell you about them. The box supper is a wild beast that inhabits the rural districts of Western North Carolina. Science has not yet discovered the origin of the box supper, but I think he must be of comparatively recent formation, as I find no mention of him in history.

The box supper is generally supposed to be a harmless beast, but on some occasions he proves to be very dangerous. I was reading just now about a young man who was killed by a box supper.

I don't know whether the country at large is infested with this strange animal or not, but in this neck of the woods he is very common. One peculiar characteristic of the box supper is that he is rarely seen except at night. He prowls around in the vicinity of school-houses and churches and is very fond of cakes, pies and fried chicken. In fact, some authorities state that he lives almost entirely on the above-named delicacies.

Many attempts have been made to tame the box supper and make him useful, but he remains as wild and unruly as ever. In some neighborhoods they have fattened him and sold him for beef, and have used the proceeds for the benefit of the church. But in most cases it costs more to fatten him than he sells for when fat, and so the church that goes into the box supper industry is sure to come out at the little end of the horn.

RUN, RASCALS, RUN!

It is the purpose of this pungent periodical to tell the naked and unvarnished truth as I see it, no matter who it pleases or displeases. I propose to gouge my gore-getting goosequill into the short ribs of every old fraud and humbug that comes along, regardless of wealth or social standing.

Most of the papers don't hesitate to knock the poor defenseless cuss, and consign him to the lowest and hottest hell; but if a rich devil is guilty of the same crime, or one a hundredfold worse, these cowardly money-worshipping papers almost rip their mortal mugs open trying to cover up the true facts in the case and make the infernal old dog look like an angel.

A paper that panders to the pocketbook of the plutocrat and grovels at the feet of aristocracy, is nothing but one of the devil's dishrags. This paper proposes to pummel the plutes until there is nothing left of them but a red necktie and a pair of yaller shoes.

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH, 1910. NO. 3.

WAR.

I am War, the Desolator, final arbiter of earth,
And I make the earth to tremble with my tread;
I rejoice exceeding greatly when a man is given birth,
But I cannot rest contented till he's dead.

Ah, the smell of blood and powder—this is what my nature craves,
And I love the pallid beauty of the slain;
All a thousand men are fit for is to fill a thousand graves,
Or to lie, a mass of carnage, on the plain.

From the ancient crude devices by which Gaul and Roman died,
I have taught men how to fashion mighty guns;
How to build the awful Dreadnaughts that are every navy's pride—
Fathers heaping up destruction for their sons.

Ah, to me it matters little if men arbitrate for peace,
When, behold! their swords are gory to the hilt;
And I laugh in loud derision when they cry that war shall cease,
While they order greater navies to be built.

I am War, the Desolator, and I point with savage pride
To the seas of human gore that I have shed;
And I hold as less than nothing all the armies that have died,
And the hearts that have been broken for the dead.

THE WIDOW.

Did you ever stop in your wild scramble for wealth and fame long enough to let your mind rest in mingled fear and admiration on that paradoxical piece of heterogeneous humanity sometimes referred to as a widow? Fearing that you have overlooked this important case, I feel that it is my duty to call your attention to it.

I have adjusted the set-screws of my imagination so it will exactly fit the case, and now I propose to set down a few timely and opportune facts in regard to the widow. My intellect, as you may have observed, is built on the plan of a monkey-wrench. It can grasp and squeeze the succulent juice out of a small subject; or, if need be, it can open out and embrace a subject of any size, not even excepting a fat widow.

A widow is what a married man leaves behind when he dies, to squander his life-insurance and provide his children with a step-father.

Widows may be divided into two general classes—the old reliable relic of a masculine corpse, and the ex-wife, or grass widow. The latter variety is the most fashionable in this enlightened age of divorce courts and alimony. A grass widow is the female section of a matrimonial knot that has come untied. The word "grass" is used to denote that both parties to the contract were green or they wouldn't have had each other at the start.

After she is cut loose from her husband, a grass widow sometimes dries up, but she never hushes up. It is more often the case, however, that she takes a second growth and weaves her tendrils around some poor simple-minded man who has never really done anything to deserve such punishment.

A sure-enough widow most always dresses in black for the first year after the death of her hubby. She does that to show how sorry she is that she can't get married again right off.

Philosophers have studied the widow ever since she first came in fashion, but they have never quite understood her. She is the problem of the past, the mystery of modern times and the rebus of the rising generation. She is the young girl's rival, the old maid's envy and the bachelor's best friend. Her smile is seasoned with the sop of experience, and they say her kiss isn't any amateur affair.

The average widow is not subject to any rules or customs. She is a law unto herself, and in most cases she is also a law unto the man she takes a liking to. She throws her lasso over his head and ropes him in before he has time to yell or get out of the way. Then, a little later, if she takes a notion she would like to be a widow again, she can apply to the divorce court or the drug store and get something that will produce the desired result.

Most all widows would like to be wives, and some wives are of the opinion that there is no earthly condition so blissful as that of the widow. I know of a man who couldn't please his wife better than to wander off into the indefinite whence and leave her a widow. My notion is she would soon select another man to help her enjoy her loneliness.

I think this is enough information about widows to last you for a spell. If you want more, drop me a card.

AN APOLOGY.

This issue of The Fool-Killer is far from being what I had intended to make it, and I must here explain the reason for its many shortcomings. I had sharpened my pencil, fished a pad of paper from my desk and was just ready to begin operations, when—lo and behold!—the announcement was made that the Measles had come to spend a few weeks with us. I never like to work when we have company, so there was nothing to do but lay aside the work of killing fools and entertain the visitors.

By the time all the victims of measles got out of bed so I could get my thinkery to work again, the month of March was nearly gone and I have been compelled to fill this issue with a very cheap line of stuph. And it is going to be a tight squeeze to get this issue ready to mail before March is gone. Hereafter I hope to be on hand earlier in the month and with a better quality of gab.

Get all your neighbors to subscribe—tell them The Fool-Killler is the whole world of hot mustard boiled down and put on a plaster for the old sores of society, church and state.

Hip! Hurrah!

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

One time there were some people who wanted to go to heaven, and they got impatient waiting for their wings to sprout; so they held a convention and agreed to build a tower with steps to it, so they could climb up and jump in at the back window of heaven while Saint Peter wasn't looking.

Well, they bought a big red hillside not far from the river Euphrates, and they built a brick-yard at the bottom of the hill. It was the biggest brick-yard I ever saw—and, come to think about it, I never saw that one. But they employed hundreds of hands and made great piles of brick. Then they leveled off a big piece of ground two or three miles square and begun to lay the foundation. They got the foundation done by and by, and started to build on up toward heaven, but they didn't get more than four feet the first year. At that rate it seemed that their wings would be ready for use before the tower would. But they kept right on making brick and mixing mortar, and the tower kept rising inch by inch.

As soon as one generation of masons and hod carriers had died out, the next generation would take up the work and carry it along. In a few hundred years they had got it nearly as high as the Washington Monument.

Saint Peter looked out at the windows of heaven and saw those fellows on the tower coming right on up. He left his post of duty and gave the alarm. When the Lord saw what the people on earth were trying to do, He was not much afraid they would ever break into heaven that way, but He thought He could save them a good deal of useless work by going down and putting a stop to it all. So the Lord told the stable boy to saddle His best horse, and He came galloping down through the rifted clouds and confounded the language of the people. That is the reason some races of people have to use such a confounded language even to this day.

After the Lord had confounded their language, it was funny to see those people try to work. When the masons wanted more lime the waiters would carry up a bucket of sand, and when brick was wanted they caried up a load of scaffolding planks. Then the masons would take their trowels to the hod-carriers and knock them off the tower, and they would yell and fall fifteen or twenty miles and light on their heads.

The misunderstanding got so bad that the workmen couldn't get anything they wanted without coming down after it, and then they would forget what they came after, get them a chew of tobacco and go back to the top, only to be cussed at in some foreign language by the other masons.

That looked like mighty slow progress toward getting to heaven, but it was about as good as most people are doing to-day.

Everything that appears in this paper was written by the editor.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, Editor.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents, Cash in Advance.

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JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Even hush-money talks.

Do a little thinking, mister.

It is not work, if you like it.

The Johndee Oil Co. still lives.

The devil loves a cheerful liar.

And with all your getting—get busy!

It takes money to grease the sucker-traps.

I believe in giving the under dog a chance.

So far as I know, all dead men are honest.

The chief end of man is the one with the head on.

No man is wise or safe unless he is honest.

The Sugar Trust fellows want more sugar in their'n.

A slop barrel is cleaner than a gossip's mouth.

A dandy is a poor imitation of the male chicken.

First think out your work, and then work out your think.

If all we read on the tombstones was true, hell would be for rent.

Eat, drink and enjoy yourself, for tomorrow you may kick the bucket.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he come down kerflap!

Too much freedom becomes a chain, and too much rest is tiresome.

Necessity is the mammy of invention, but she isn't alway proud of her baby.

Carry your Fool-Killer about in your pocket and read it to everybody you see.

The new Sultan of Turkey must be a good man. He is never mentioned in the papers.

A man who can be hired to commit a crime is none too good to do it without hiring.

Some of those people who claim to have seen Halley's comet with the naked eye, may have been assisted by an icy sidewalk.

Your ten toes are much nicer things to play with than an infernal old deck of cards.

Freedom is not the right to do as you please, but the liberty to do as you ought to.

A man who has got sense enough to be a Socialist has got sense enough to know better.

The "moderate drinker" of today is the "old soak" of tomorrow. It hardly ever fails.

Some men are not ashamed to do a lot of things that they would be ashamed to be caught doing.

The Fool-Killer only comes once a month, but it makes things hum when it does come.

A place of amusement that isn't fit for a girl to go to, isn't fit for a boy to hang around.

The kids of this country would not be so mean if they had better daddies and mammies.

What advantage is it to be able to speak French, German, Greek and Latin if you can't tell the truth in English?

A woman will pray like a saint to get into heaven, but she will fight like the devil to get into society.

The great men that you read about kinder "swink up" when you get personally acquainted with them.

God will be satisfied with the best you can do, but the neighbors will criticize you just as severely as ever.

Every day is bargain day with The Fool-Killer. One dollar value for 25 cents. Come across, gentlemen, come across!

A slot-machine that would spit a divorce at a man when he poked in a nickel, would make a fortune for its inventor.

Men and women have been in existence for several thousand years, but ladies and gentlemen are modern inventions.

There isn't a "card game" on earth that I know how to play, and I thank God for my ignorance along that line.

That married man who hikes off to the red light joint about twice a week, will have no kick coming if something goes wrong at home during his absence.

Whenever somebody puts out a volcano by weeping softly into it, I will then believe that the Standard Oil Company can be dissolved.

Tom Watson, of Georgia, is an old antiquated Populist, and all that, but he is one of the biggest and smartest men this country has produced.

Great Caesar, what a stink they have stirred up in the sugar trust! If sugar will not preserve the sugar trust, why not put it in vinegar and pickle it?

I plugged up my nose with cotton and sat down to my desk to give that Tillman gang a lengthy write-up. But even then the smell was so rank that I had to give it up in disgust.

No wonder old Ben Tillman was stricken with paralysis. The wonder is that a merciful Providence has allowed old Ben and his brute of a son to stay out of purgatory even this long.

If The Fool-Killer was just like other papers there would be no use to have a Fool-Killer. But it's different. In all the wilderness of printed things in the world, this paper stands out like a white preacher at a nigger meeting.

A man who is too stingy to pay 25 cents a year for this paper would skin a flea for its hide and tallow, pasture a goat on the grave of his grandaddy and steal the butter from a blind nigger's bread. Don't let that apply to you, brother.

Society decrees that women may button their collars around their waists and go around with their backbones grinning at the men. But the dear things would have a fit and fall over in it if a man should appear in their presence with his coat off.

The little old green-eyed fool who goes sneaking around with a pistol swinging to his hindquarters may think he is brave, but he is the most contemptible coward this side of perdition,

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis has gotten back into the limelight with a great splash. He is twisting the tail of the beef trust this time. Landis, you remember, is the fellow who got off that huge joke about fining the Johndee Oil Company twenty-nine million dollars.

An optimist is a fellow who don't care what in thunder happens, so it don't happen to him.

Let My Old Breeches Alone.

Dr. Mary Walker is trying to have a law passed making it lawful for women to wear breeches.--News item.

Say, women, I hate like the mischief
To utter this stinging rebuke,
But some of your tribe are so crazy
They almost compel me to puke.

I've stood up and fought for you bravely,
And helped in your social advance,
And now in return for my kindness
I'm asked to fork over my pants.

I've given you most of my wardrobe—
My hat and my collar and tie,
And then as a favor to you-all,
I told my suspenders goodbye.

I'm willing to make you a goddess,
And set you high up on a throne,
If only you'll stick to your dresses
And let my old breeches alone.

PLATONIC LOVE.

Now, see here, you slab-sided slang-whangers, let your uncle have a whack at that Platonic Love question. Ever since Heck was a pup they have been talking about this thing, and it strikes me sorter perpendicular side-ways that it's time the question was settled. "A question is never settled until it is settled right," once wisely remarked your Aunt Ella Squeeler Pillbox, and so The Fool-Killer is going to settle this great Platonic Love question if it takes five whole minutes to do it.

This old, wobbly world, in its efforts to be broad-minded and magnanimous, has just about staggered into its own cavernous mouth and swallowed itself. In modern straddlebug society a married masculine mollycoddle feels that he isn't exactly bong-swong until he gets up a case of Platonic love with about sixteen pretty married women who never heard of Plato. The way-up social set thinks it is quite the proper caper for married men to temporarily swap wives and go hugging some other man's buxom spouse around over the ballroom floor. And then "after the ball," when the lights burn low and the fairies get sleepy, you might find these "Platonic friends" coupled off in corners, every man courting his neighbor's wife till the roosters crow for day.

And yet there's nothing but mere friendship in it all! Just Platonic friendship and nothing more! They belong to the same club, have been reading the same book, or in some way their interests run in the same channel, and they are just talking it over. Sex attraction and that old serpent of carnality have nothing to do with it. Oh, no! Say, if you believe that, you are a bigger fool than Thompson's colt. There is the same force at work that always draws men and women together, and when you connect the wires and turn on that current there's going to be some "sparking" in spite of the devil.

Perhaps the sweet sixteen might Platonize with the old gray-headed patriarch who taught her grandfather his a b c's; and perhaps the gosling boy might have a purely disinterested affection for the dear old wrinkle-faced woman who lives next door; but when a man and woman in the bloom of youth or the strength of middle age get to playing on that old Platonic fiddle, they are going to wind up with an "affinity jig" and that little green-eyed imp you call Cupid is going to dance to the music.

AND SHE WRIT A BOOK.

PROOFS OF SPIRIT IDENTITY—A series of letters from Spirit Elizabeth Barrett Browning to J. C. F. Grumbine while a clergyman in the Unitarian Church. Price 50c. Address J. C. F. Grumbine, 1890 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

The above advertisement appears in the March number of The Stellar Ray, of Detroit, Mich. The Stellar Ray is a double-geared jimdandy of a nonsensical nothing-patch, and its reading columns as well as its advertising columns are filled up with just about such reeking rot as the above.

Now, fiddlesticks! How can Elizabeth Barrett? We all know that Mrs. Browning used to write books, but she quit that business a good while ago, and this is the first news I have had from her since she crossed over. If I believed this news was authentic I would gather herbs or make cross-ties to get the money and order her new book. But I don't. Mrs. Browning's body is in the grave, and if her spirit is living anywhere it is certainly in better business than sending letters to J. C. F. Grubworm.

Now if this snide used to be a clergyman in the Unitarian Church, and if that position brought him in such close touch with heaven that he could communicate with Mrs. Browning, why in all creation didn't he hang onto his job? He admits now that he is not at present a clergyman in the Unitarian Church. And why? Because the devil could use him to better advantage somewhere else. He is now one of the devil's private secretaries, and if there is such a book as the one mentioned above, either Mr. Satan or Mr. Grubworm wrote it. You can take my word for it that Elizabeth Barrett Browning is not writing books—or letters either—just at this stage of the game.

CANNON'S COLLAPSE.

Be it known that this rag of freedom is not in politics and has no political ax to grind, but it claims the right to knock any man or party that needs knocking, be it Republican, Democrat, Socialist or what not.

I have never wasted any of my journalistic ammunition on Oldjo Cannon, foreseeing, as I did, his ultimate fall without any aid of mine. In a smaller place Oldjo might have kept his head, but the people's love for cigar smoke and vulgarity caused them to place him on too high a pedestal. Now he has tumbled off and kicked up a great dust. Let us hope that when the dust settles and the political atmosphere becomes clear again we may see a new order of things under the old dome.

Czar Cannon became so inflated with an exaggerated sense of his own pitiful importance that his bubble of power just had to burst. He tried to rule with a rod of iron and drive the whole nation before him like a gang of slaves. But, glory be, we have a few men in Congress who can neither be bought nor bulldozed, a lesson that the honorable Speaker has at last learned, to his sorrow. Now let every elected representative of the people have a voice in affairs, and let us have done with Czars in this country where every man is said to be a king.

PUT 'EM IN THE BUG-HOUSE.

I want to stop right here long enough to throw up my old hat and yell hurrah for Col. Jack Chinn, of Kentucky. Col. Jack has pulled the stopper out of himself and poured out some mighty interesting talk on the subject of pistol-toting. He says that every fellow who is found sneaking around with a pistol in his hip pocket ought to be yanked up by the equator of the breeches and chucked head foremost into an insane asylum.

The Kentucky Colonel testifies that carrying a pistol is a strong incentive to use it, and after using it with fatal results the murderer tries to get off by pleading emotional insanity, brain-storm or some such tommyrot as that. Now if a man is crazy when he shoots, the natural inference is that he was crazy when he armed himself for shooting. So thinks the Colonel, and so think I.

As a general rule, there is no need of going armed in this country. If a man will behave himself and attend to his own business he will not get into any trouble. I could travel all over the United States without a pistol or any other weapon and feel much safer than if I were armed like a walking arsenal and bristling with swords and shooting-irons. To go unarmed is the best protection a peaceable man can have, and for my use I wouldn't give three cents for all the pistols that were ever made.

A term in the bug-house for pistol-toters would wean some of them, at least.

THAT NASTY PRIZE FIGHT.

The wild and wooly denizens of the wild and wooly West are fixing to pull off another big rotten sensation in the shape of a prize fight between a white man and a nigger. It seems that there is a big buck nigger named Johnson who at present holds the world's championship as a heavyweight paunch-pelter and all round slug-artist. Well, the half civilized tribes of California, who would rather see a fight than hear a sermon any day, have worked up a case between this nigger Johnson and their old patron saint, Jim Jeffries, and one of these days they are going to settle the race question for good and all.

Shame! shame! Will California never learn to be decent? She is about the only State where such an old hip-shotten, low-down, rotten, devil-begotten performance could take place. But it seems that the untamed rowdies of the West cannot live without their prize fights. Their wild, uncultured cow-boy natures crave blood and carnage, and to see two half-naked brutes pounding each other into jelly is the greatest joy of their lives.

When old nature got up and shook herself a few years ago, and laid San Francisco in ashes and ruins, I thought perhaps it had shaken some of the devil out of those people; but instead of helping matters it seems to have made them worse. They are simply dying now to see a big nigger cram his rusty fist down the throat of a fool white man.

While we don't have these brutal exhibitions in the East, our newspapers give them too much space and we are all too eager to read about them. Let us cut it out.

Agents Wanted

I want a good hustling Agent at every postoffice to take subscriptions for THE FOOL-KILLER. My terms to Agents are very liberal, and will be sent on application. The name, "FOOL-KILLER," is so odd and unusual that it attracts attention wherever it is shown, and an Agent can easily make several dollars a day. Get my Agents' terms and a bunch of Samples and start to work at once.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

THREE DRUNKS A YEAR.

"Three times a year is not too often for a gentleman to get drunk," said Daniel Noble at Jamaica, New York, the other day. And this gentleman went on and delivered a long lecture on the crying need of at least three benders a year.

I wish I could have heard that lecture. And I would give my yearly allowance of red-eye to get a legal definition of the word "gentleman" in this connection. Some men call themselves gentlemen who are not recognized as such by their neighbors, and I sorter 'spicion that this New York booze-artist is one of that kind. No doubt he knows the "drunk" business from the bottom up, but he wouldn't know a gentleman from a lamp post in broad daylight. I take it that he is one of these old continuous-performance drunkards who gets half-sober three times a year and goes out to whoop it up for the likker gang.

Three drunks a year! And each drunk four months long! If that's what it takes to make a gentleman, I prefer to be something else.

What do you say about it, Mister?

◆

DR. MARY BOBS UP.

I must confess with sorrow that I had almost lost sight of Dr. Mary Walker, the famous woman in pants. Carrie Nation, Mother Jones and Evelyn Thaw had kind of shoved Mary out of my recollection. But just at the psycological moment she bobs up serenely with her pants on and her feet in her pocket.

There may be other "woman's rights," such as voting and holding office, but in the mind of Dr. Mary the great burning issue is breeches. She has been in the background awhile, but now she re-appears to demonstrate that she is not dead nor dying. Thirty years of breeches have not cooled the zeal of Dr. Mary. If there is anything she loves more than a pair of pants, it is another pair of pants. You can refuse to give Dr. Mary the ballot if you want to, but if you know what's good for you, you will not interfere with her breeches.

On another page I have given you a little chunk of poetry called "Let My Old Breeches Alone," which Dr. Mary can change just a little and use as her campaign song.

◆

Hurry and get up that club for The Fool-Killer. As my audience grows larger I'll keep on making the stuph warmer. Hurrah!

SAUSAGE.

The farmer drove
  To town one day
To sell a load
  Of rotten hay.

He also sold
  His aged mule;
The man that bought him
  Was a fool.

But it turns out,
  By hook or crook,
Some fools are wiser
  Than they look.

And this same fool
  That bought the beast
Was wise enough
  This time, at least.

The farmer went
  Back home and stayed
Until another
  Crop was made.

The old mule soon
  Passed in his checks,
But this did not
  His owner vex.

He did not bow
  Down to defeat,
But ground that mule
  To sausage meat.

A restaurant-keeper
  Bought it then,
And sold it out
  To hungry men.

'Twas saged and peppered
  Awful nice,
And retailed at
  A handsome price.

The farmer again
  Did come to town,
And to the restaurant
  Wandered down.

"What'll you have?"
  The waiter cried;
"I'll take some sausage,"
  The farmer replied.

He then sat down
  And ate and ate,
Until he had
  An awful bait.

He told the waiter
  About a fool
Who bought from him
  An aged mule.

He laughed, and then
  Was heard to say,
"I wonder where's
  That mule today?"

The waiter said,
  "You silly fool!
You've just been eating
  That old mule!"

The farmer fainted
  Dead away,
And lost his mind
  That very day.

Oh, little muley, don't you cry,
For you'll be sausage by-and-by.

HELLO THERE!

Stop!

Look!

Listen!

I want the attention of everybody.

If you believe in decency, soberness, uprightness, honesty and fair play, then you are a friend to The Fool-Killer.

The object of this paper is to hang up by the heels all kinds of sins, shams, humbugs and hypocrites, and skin them blood raw.

The Fool-Killer is going to be known as the Sam Jones of the journalistic world, and while it will not devote all its space to religious subjects, the entire weight of its influence will be on the side of religion, truth, justice and clean living.

If at times I use rough language, there's a reason.

Some of the fools that need killing have such tough old hides that nice, smooth talk don't have any effect on them.

And so I have to go after them with a club with horns on it.

Whoop it up everywhere you go, and let the people know that there is now a sure-enough Fool-Killer going up and down in the world and walking to and fro in it.

◆

WHAT ABOUT NAKED MEN?

Oh, say, you suckers, do you remember how you went down in your overall pockets and fished out the price of a ticket to see "Salome" dance?

Of course you do.

She had on nothing much but a pair of diamond ear-rings and a tailor-made smile that reached all the way to her little pink feet.

Maybe you had never before seen a daughter of Eve with her mother Eve's wedding dress on, but you had an idea how she would look.

All the good church members of your acquaintance told you the Salome show was too indecent for anything—and yet they went, every last one of them. You went, and saw, and was conquered, and went again. Notwithstanding the howl that was raised against the indecency of the nude performance, a majority of the kickers could have been found on the front seats the very next night. As a precaution against getting their modesty shocked, they had carefully wrapped it in cotton batting and left it at home.

It was proper to kick just a little, of course—just enough to advertise the show. The preachers got up in the pulpit and denounced "Salome," then winked the other eye and went to see her dance that night.

The same people who admired and applauded the nude, sensual, voluptuous dance on the public stage would have yelled for a policeman if they had caught the same woman doing the same stunts in a back alley.

Strange, isn't it?

But here is the other part of the story. If some mere man should attempt the very ordinary feat of undressing on the stage, the police would nab him before you could say scat. Not that there is any more real harm in a naked man than in a naked woman, but it just isn't in accordance with the ethics of society, and must not be tolerated for a moment.

The morals of the stage are very loose, giving women great liberty, but even there they draw the line at mere man. The poor fellow must keep his clothes on or take the consequences.

◆

COTTON SEED BISCUITS.

Bread made of cotton seed flour was exhibited in the Chicago board of trade recently by Charles Stern. It is the first of its kind ever shown here and was a decided novelty. The bread, although ten days old, was sweet and nice, and resembled brown bread, being one of the best imitations of Boston brown bread that has been seen. The cotton seed flour was ground and the bread baked at Ennis, Tex. The flour can be had at $30 a ton, or 1 1-2 cents a pound. People in Texas are booming it as a substitute for wheat flour.—Grit.

The cotton-fields of God be praised!

Here it is at last.

Bring forth the bread-pan and let us beat a royal tattoo with the old iron spoon that mixed the dough of our forefathers' bread.

Decorate the cotton-gin with red, white and blue ribbon!

Cover the old cow's feed-box with a tow sack.

And let us sing a song that will make the dishes dance in the cupboard.

Storm the warehouse, grind up a bale of cotton and let the banquet be spread.

Away to the cotton-patch—let the siren song of the murmuring leaves drive dull care away.

Give me cotton-seed biscuits straight—no wheat in mine!

If a little cotton seed is good, give me more.

Let the plant that produces my shirt produce my bread also.

Let us rob the old cow of her supper—yea, let us feast on cotton seed forever.

Hurrah!

Save your money and buy cotton seed.

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY, 1910. NO. 4.

ROOSEVELT AND ROME.

Some men can be scared. Some can be bulldozed. And some can be bought. But not the man you call Ted the Hunter. He does not belong in either of those classes. Ted hangs on like grim death to the thing he believes is right. The only way to change him is to convince him that he is wrong. If you want a permanent job you can have that one. I mean, of course, the job of convincing Ted. The reason he is so hard to convince that he is in the wrong is because he has a very troublesome habit of being always on the right side.

A few weeks ago that little tin god over in Rome didn't know all these things. But he knows now. And he is in a fair way to learn still more if he will just keep his ear to the ground.

I have never been any fool over Fairbanks. Fact is, to take him on the average, he isn't a man to enthuse over. But when he shook his fist in the face of that self-appointed "Vicar of God" and told him to go to Hel—ena, Montana, my enthuser began to leak over the top just a little.

And then when Ted the Terrible planted his number twelves in the Holy City there was more rattling among the dry bones of Roman Catholicism. The dose of mental salts that Roosevelt gave to the old dope-eating dago caused him to run off at the mouth just awful. He foamed and he fumed. He jumped up and down. He acted for all the world like a mad-dog with its tail in the fire and both hind feet in a steeltrap. And all because he couldn't dictate to a plain American citizen with a pair of eye-glasses and some teeth.

In the presence of Roosevelt the Holy Pappy was no more than a dry leaf in a whirlwind. The Lion-Hunter simply took the little old egotistical wart of humanity between his two thumb-nails and cracked him just like you would crack a flea, only a sight easier. It took Ted only a few minutes to make the fact known that there would be no strings on him. He would speak where he pleased and when he pleased, and if the Pope didn't like it he could lump it.

Three cheers for the man who isn't afraid—who refuses to sell his freedom for the privilege of kissing the Pope's infernal old hoof.

ALL KINDS OF FOOLS.

I'll sing a little snatch of song
About the fools that come along.
There's many fools of many minds—
The harmless fool and other kinds.

Most pitiful and most forlorn
The fool in that condition born—
The idiotic, staring fool,
With brain as dull as any mule.

Poor man! 'Tis not his fault alone;
In other lives the seed was sown;
We should not laugh at such a man—
No doubt he does the best he can.

You've seen the fool upon a limb,
And sawing 'twixt the tree and him;
Also the fool who thought it fun
To blow into a loaded gun.

One other fool that I despise
Believes that he is very wise;
I have no doubt that you recall
The tiresome fool who knows it all.

The business fool will scheme and plan
A thousand ways to cheat a man,
And cannot see that in the end
He'll die without a single friend.

Another place for fools to mix
Is in the field of politics;
They hate the truth and love a lie,
And some sell votes and others buy.

Bless goodness, I must not forget
The fools that form the social set;
Of all the fools that sin has nursed,
The fools of fashion are the worst.

They grab old Reason by the snout,
And jerk him down and throw him out;
And high on Fashion's rotten throne
Old Mistress Folly reigns alone.

Religious fools of every kind
It is not difficult to find—
So many gods, so many creeds,
That do not satisfy our needs.

The list is long, and yet they say
New fools are sprouting every day;
The Fool-Killer biffs 'em one by one,
And yet its task is never done.

REVERIES OF A FAMILY GHOST.

I am a family ghost. I live in the graveyard. Fact is, I don't live at all—I'm dead. I wouldn't be a ghost if I wasn't dead. But I stay in the graveyard. When I have nothing else to do I roost on a tombstone. I cannot be seen in the day-time, but at night I wear my long white shroud and am plainly visible. My name used to be Sam Simons. I was alive then. But my neighbors treated me cruelly and I died with a broken heart. Now I'm Sam Simons's ghost. My business here is to stand guard over the family graveyard and to scare people who wronged me in my life time. I've been here well nigh fifty years, and have given the neighborhood no little amount of trouble. But my star seems to be sinking. People don't pass this way any more, especially in the night, and nobody ever comes here now to get buried. My, my! What a deserted looking place this is! Even the briers have grown so thick that I can't walk about without danger of tearing my shroud off. Now such a miserable place as this is not at all fit to be dead in. Any self-respecting ghost would protest against it, and I do think it is a pity that a fellow's people won't try to make him comfortable after he dies. Don't they know that this old grave of mine is all out of repair? Why, it leaks just awfully when it rains. Every time it rains I have to go down and "bail out" my coffin, using my skull-bone for a dipper. It just makes a fellow's shin bones rattle together to think of himself in such a plight as this, and if matters don't take a turn soon I'm going to pull up my tombstone and move to more respectable quarters.

THE SUMMER HAT.

Holy smoke! Suffering Moses! Great guns! What nerve-racking and blood-curdling things we do have to put up with in this heathenish America! Is there no relief from the tortures of fashion? Is there no limit to the dimensions of the spring hat? Last year it was a buggy wheel trimmed with feather beds, and this year it is a hay-stack with roosters on it. It keeps getting worse. I used to see old nigger women tote water-buckets, washing-tubs and clothes-baskets on their heads, and I thought that was an awful stunt. But Lordy! That wasn't a circumstance. This summer our dear little perfumed and powdered society queens will go waltzing around with things on their heads that would break the neck of any nigger wench this side of Africa.

I can't understand it all. God knows these outlandish, overgrown, neck-breaking head-smashers don't look pretty. Or if God don't know it, I do. They are enough to frighten a flying machine or give an express train the blind staggers. How would a man look with such a thing balanced on his dome of thought? Gosh, Betsy, don't mention it. It would kill all the fruit in the neighborhood and run the cats crazy. Furthermore, a man that would wear such a thing on his head ought to be cremated alive and then shot dead. And a government that would allow it ought to be thunderstruck with a mountain of mud.

But the women—well, that's different. Paris pops her whip and the procession moves on. And the hats, like the hole in an old coat-sleeve, get bigger and bigger. They are so big now that they have to be built like a folding bed in order to get in at the church door. And when they do get in, the preacher has to squat down and shoot his sermon under the benches in order to reach the poor sinful men.

A few years from now the women will wear church houses on their heads, and the preacher will hold meeting in a hat.

PLENTY FOR HIM TO DO.

There is every indication that Theodore Roosevelt will not want for a job when he gets back home. He is wanted for nearly every purpose under the sun. The nation wants him for president. He is also wanted in congress and in the senate. He is wanted as railroad president, bank president and college president. He is wanted as editor of magazines and newspapers everywhere. He is wanted as a historian, and he is desired by hundreds of cities that want to feed him and listen to his after-dinner speeches. Amateur writers and budding poets want him to read and criticize about two tons of their trash every day. Ten thousand old-field school-house orators want him to write their speeches for commencement day. Rabbit hunters all over the South want him to add the weight of his personality to their expeditions against poor little Bunny.

In the political field, the insurgents want Teddy on their side, and the Cannonites want him on their side, and Taft is so rattled that he hasn't the least idea what he wants.

In the past it has been a problem what to do with our ex-presidents, but in this case we can rest easy. A man who can take care of himself in the wilds of Africa can certainly do so in America, and there seems to be enough in sight to keep the Lion-Hunter reasonably busy.

Read the Bible and The Fool-Killer.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, Editor.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

A man never thinks he is getting a square deal unless he gets the best of it.

A newspaper headline says: "Bryan Talks." Bless your soul, I knew it.

This hookworm business is a hook with a worm on it. Are you going to bite?

If you like The Fool-Killer, say so; and if you don't like it, just keep your old mouth shut.

Never run after a woman or a street car. There will be another one along in a minute or two.

Jiminez! That isn't cussing; it is only the name of the new president of Costa Rica.

If the Democrats will nominate Harmon for president, maybe they can have Harmon-y.

Mt. Etna seems to have suspended publication when Roosevelt reached that neighborhood.

You are commanded to love your neighbor, but that doesn't necessarily include the neighbor's wife.

The only thing cheaper than a cigarette is the yellow-fingered, foul-mouthed, brainless biped that smokes it.

Fairbanks poured the hot juice over the old pig-headed Pope, and Roosevelt everlastingly rubbed it in.

Lot's wife looked back and turned into a sack of salt. Lots of men to-day look back and turn into a side door.

A little girl said her mother was going to have a serious operation—she was going to have her waist cut out.

Chicago is making an effort to abolish the bill-board. A movement to abolish the board-bill would be more popular.

If the trusts ever do get busted they will be like the glutton at the picnic—they will just pop open with fullness.

Lots of men don't have time to raise cotton and corn because they are so busy raising hel-lo! I was about to say a bad word.

The Fool-Killer stated several months ago that the Coopers would never be punished for the killing of Senator Carmack. Now they are both free. Money and "pull" did it.

Here is another idle question: Why do people who chew gum always stick their wad up on the wall when they get done with it?

The birthplace of Mrs. Eddy, inventor of Christian Science, has been destroyed by fire. The old lady's turn will come later.

Life is short, and you'd better get all the good you can out of it as you go along. Therefore subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

The limber-legged theatrical jumping-jacks are going to play "The Devil" again this summer. But then they nearly always do that.

When a tobacco-chewing he-thing marries a snuff-dipping she-thing, to see the couple trying to commit a kiss would be a splendid emetic.

If it keeps on getting colder for old Blue-jacket Peary, he will have to huff it back to the North Pole where the climate is more agreeable.

The jangle-jointed busybody who wants to see how everything is done, ought to have a glass window in his belly so he could see his guts wrastle.

"Phone Company Has Receiver", says a newspaper headline. What in blazes would a phone be worth without a receiver, I'd like to know?

If you allow yourself to dance in this world, old Satan will make you dance in the next. And you will have a mighty hot floor to dance on, too.

That awful smell that you hear galloping rough-shod across the country is a faint echo from the municipal stink-pots of Albany, Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

Of course that next-door neighbor of yours is a 33rd degree self-made fool. Perhaps you better make him a present of a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer.

That fellow Stimson has got the sugar trust backed up in a corner yelling for ice-water. Go it, Henry. Keep plugging it to 'em till they crawl in a hole, and then plug up the hole.

Sam Bensinger was a confirmed old bachelor, and for years he has had a sign in his office which read: "All fools get married." A few days ago he took down the sign and sent for the preacher.

That operation on King Leopold, which cost $20,000, was a great success. The fact that the old king died don't make any difference—the success consisted in getting the money.

Are you afraid the women will wreck the old ship of state when they get hold of the ballot? If so, you had better pack your head in your go-way bag, shoulder your feet and get off the earth.

Down in Mexico recently several people were killed at a bull-fight. Good enough for 'em. People who have no more human decency about them than to be spectators at a bull-fight deserve to be killed.

Ker-zip! Just wait till Brennan's monorail train draws a long breath and gets its tail curled, and you will see some travelling that will make greased lightning look like the tail end of a last summer's snail track.

The old gingerbread bachelors and vinegar-faced old maids who pump their cold-storage ignorance through the Missouri University, have come forward with a brand-new, bellowing, colic-proof course in "Babyology." Just one more plague added to the lives of the helpless little things.

That fellow Jim Beck, who used to be a double-barrelled, hair-triggered, self-acting, automatic trust-buster with hair in his teeth, is now leading attorney for the biggest trust on God's dirty old earth. When the trust raises the buster's wages he ceases to be a buster. See?

Louis Baury, writing in Human Life about the Marjorie Gould wedding, says: "Altogether, it will be one of the most brilliant affairs New York has seen in a long while. That, of course, goes without saying." If it goes without saying, why in the mischief did you bother yourself to say it?

A lady's hat caught fire in St. Louis the other day. The fire department came in a gallop with steam squirt-guns and step-ladders, but they could not check the flames until several stories of the hat had been destroyed. The woman down under the hat did not know that anything had happened until she felt water dripping down the back of her neck.

Whoop! Get up a big club.

LET THE WOMEN VOTE.

Say, you old sixteenth century mossback man, would you know a cyclone if it walked up and shook its fist in your face? In other words, can you recognize the opportunity of a life-time when you see it? If so, you'd better muzzle your gab-trap before it goes off half-cocked on the woman suffrage question.

If you will crawl off of that goods box and put your ear to the ground you will hear a mighty rumbling. That's the Woman's Suffrage Special coming down the line at a mile a minute, and all who don't climb on board or take to the woods will get run over. You may think this is only a bluff game that the women are pulling off half ripe, but you just hold your snipe-bag and you'll see. Sure, Mike, it's exactly like I tell you. There's going to be music in the air pretty soon, and the man who wants a good seat in the band wagon had better apply early.

When the women of this country begin to line up in battle array and ask for something, as they are now doing, the men might just as well throw up their hands and surrender. Socialism and Cannonism and the tariff, and all that class of kiln-dried questions, will be lost sight of in the coming campaign. They will only be side shows. Woman suffrage will occupy the big tent and draw the crowd.

The Fool-Killer is not ashamed nor afraid to come out in the open and whoop it up for the women. In fact, if it will do you any good to call this a woman suffrage paper, you have my permission to do so, for I certainly favor it rather than oppose it.

There are lots of ways in which woman suffrage would help. In the first place, it would give the women something to do besides tagging around after old flumiky Fashion and filtering neighborhood gossip through the sands of time. Most women are full of life and energy and must have something to do. As long as we refuse to let them take any part in the affairs of government, we can't blame them if they run wild over the frills of fashion and rip the hem off of their modesty in the saw-briers of Snobdom.

Say Woman Suffrage to some men and it is like shaking a red rag at a bull. They want to climb a tree and yell bloody murder. They believe that if women were given the ballot it would cause the government to jump the track and turn a million double summersaults right dab into the hot place. The same class of men in China would think it an unpardonable sin for their women folks to eat at the same table with the men. The Chinese women must eat off the kitchen floor and sleep in the dog-house. And we have some alleged men here in America who would like to see our women treated in the same way. They will admit that the American woman is good enough to love and marry and sleep with, but they swear she hasn't got sense enough to vote. What a pity! The State tells me I can vote, and my right to do so has never been challenged at the polls. And if I didn't believe my wife is just as fit to vote as I am, I wouldn't live with her, dog my cats if I would.

There are thousands of tobacco-scented, likker-guzzling, foul-mouthed, good-for-nothing pantaloon-racks who would go naked and perish to death if their poor little wives didn't take in washing. And yet when election day comes these low-down trollops will strut around and say to their wives:

"Look-ee here, you slaves, we patriotic men are going to the election to-day to help save the State. You stay here and wash them old pants that we rolled in the mud with when we were drunk the other day. That's all you are fit for."

And so it goes.

Our progress along the road that leads away from heathenism can be read in the position that woman holds among men. The nations that hold woman as a slave continue to flounder in darkness. Every recognition of the rights of woman is a step toward the light.

One ridiculous argument that they bring up against woman suffrage is this: They declare that the average voting-place on election day is not a fit place for a woman to be. They say there is too much drinking and cursing and foul talk. Question: What makes it that way? Answer: The men. The presence of women would change all that. Woman suffrage will purify the atmosphere around the voting place. And whatever will purify the voting place will purify the nation. There are thousands of good reasons for giving woman the ballot, and not one sensible argument against it.

◆

Lord help us! What kind of a government have we anyhow? It has just come to light that "Captain" Pete Hains, who is serving a sentence in the penitentiary for cold-blooded murder, has at the same time been drawing good money as an officer in the United States army. Say, you American patriot, why don't you smile?

A Pint Cup's Large Enough.

This world is a dark old dungeon,
And needs your light and mine;
So don't put it under a bushel,
But on a candlestick to shine.

But if you must hide it somehow,
Don't try that game of bluff—
Don't hide it under a bushel,
For a pint cup's large enough.

THE CENSUS MAN.

Good morning.

What's your name?

Where do you live?

Are you a man or a woman?

Are you white or black?

Are you married or single?

How many times have you been divorced?

Are you a good cook?

Do you wash your hands before making up bread?

How many children have you?

What are their names?

What is the color of their hair?

Do they go barefooted in winter?

Have you got false teeth?

Ever have your picture taken?

Do you eat onions?

Where do you buy your socks?

What brand of likker do you drink?

Have you ever been to Europe?

Have you ever heard of God?

Did you ever vote for Bryan?

Can you read and write?

What are your views on the Fourth Dimension?

How many dogs do you keep?

What do you think of Woman Suffrage?

Were you born in a log cabin?

Do you ever expect to be president?

Do your feet stink?

Can you ride a bicycle?

Have you seen Halley's comet yet?

Can you give me a chew of tobacco?

Say, mister, if you haven't heard all that string of fool questions, you will pretty soon.

THE PARDON MILL.

Well, children, I have been boarding on this old planet for 30 years, and I have seen many a pardon mill spitting out red-eyed rascals to beat the band. But in all my born days I never saw a rottener bag of unjudicial cow-feed than that ground out by the rip-snorting old rooster-footed governor of Tennessee the other week. Old Booze-Barrel Duncan Cooper and his swill-tub sot of a son had been convicted of the murder of Senator Carmack. An appeal was taken and the Supreme Court of Tennessee confirmed the judgment of the lower court as to the old man, and ordered a new trial in the case of the young desperado. The old man's sentence was twenty years, but before the Supreme Court got through with the trial that fellow Patterson who disgraces the governor's chair had written out and delivered a full pardon for the old mink-eyed murderer. And he did it without the formality of any petition or other request for a pardon. Patterson had his pardon mill already greased and the belt on. At the appointed time he only touched a button and the work was done. The Supreme Court was kicked aside like a last summer's foot-ball and a convicted murderer was a free man.

What in the name of high heaven is the use to have a court of justice and put the State to the expense of a trial, if one little old upstart of a boodle-worshipping governor can butt in with his billygoat horns and knock poor blind Justice flat of her back?

Patterson and the Coopers are political pals, and the Coopers have got money to burn. It was their money that elected Patterson, the likker man, to the governor's chair over the head of Carmack, the prohibitionist. It was a battle of boodle and booze against truth and temperance, and the likker gang won. So they sent Carmack on to glory and have used Patterson as a cat's-paw to rake them out of the red-hot furnace of justice.

How long, O Lord, how long shall such outrages continue?

◆

It is a sad state of affairs for this country when a few men get so lousy with money that they can say, as old Jim Patten said recently, that the loss of a million dollars is to them only a trifle. Discussing the recent slump in cotton old Patten said: "Why, losing a million or two in this kind of a fight is not any more to me than losing a dime is to you." Why can he say that? Because the everlasting old hog has got a hundred times more money than the law ought to allow any one man to have. People, the system that allows a thing like that needs changing, and there is no use to shut our eyes to the fact.

◆

The Fool-Killer is only fifteen cents a year in clubs of five or more. Single subs cost 25 cents. So you see it pays to get up a club. Do it now.

LIARS AND HYPOCRITES.

If all the liars and hypocrites of the present day were suddenly jerked bald-headed and snatched into Eternity, there wouldn't be enough people left on earth to hold an inquest over a dead dog. David said in his haste that all men were liars, and when he had time to think it over he found that he had hit the bull's-eye.

Jesus Christ was honest, and He was not a hypocrite, and you know what the world did to Him. Well, it would do the same thing to-day to any man who might attempt to live as Christ lived. We have whole cow-pastures full of men and women who call themselves Christians and who claim to be following in the footsteps of Christ. But let me tell you—if Christ should come back to earth just as He used to be, these hypocritical "followers" of His would be the first to yell, "Crucify Him!" They will get up in prayer-meeting and tell how they love the Lord, and how they are looking and longing for Him to come, and if the Lord should suddenly make His appearance in the heavens, in power and great glory, it would scare the last one of them to death.

Whenever these hypocritical high-flyers of the gold-plated Church of Mammon get to wanting the Lord to come as bad as they pretend to, they will quit kangarooing around over the community telling lies on their neighbors and making fun of their betters.

I believe in a man professing religion, and then living what he professes. A religion that won't keep a fellow out of devilment in this world will be a poor dependence in the world to come. People these days "get religion" and join the church because it is fashionable to do so, and they are profaning the holy name of Christ every time they do it. The man who joins the church with no other motive and for no other reason than to "be in fashion" would just as freely steal a horse if horse-stealing were in fashion. Such a man knows no more about the saving grace of genuine Christianity than a blind hog knows about heaven. When the final shake-up comes, and the sheep are parted from the goats, I am afraid lots of church letters will have to be used as through tickets to hell.

Whoa, there, you old sanctified gossip-wagon and prayer-meeting sinner! You had better pin up your robe of profession with the pins of practice. If you don't do it you will appear naked at that Great Day.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers! Do it now! Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

TRYING IT ON THE DOG.

There are isms and isms. But this particular ism you call Socialism can manage to get its name in the papers more often than any other ism now on the market. For generations back we, the peepul, have been regaled with preachments on Socialism. It has been held up before our wondering gaze as the one certain cure for all our social ills. It has ever been a tempting bait. But we have been slow to swallow the hook. It has remained for Milwaukee to set us an example. This American city composed of foreigners has buckled on her Socialistic skates, scooted out to a thin place and broke the ice. She has elected a Socialist mayor, and we are at last to have an object-lesson in Socialistic government. From now henceforth the eyes of America will be on Mayor Seidel, what time the said America isn't dodging automobiles and flying-machines.

Milwaukee is a funny town. She is the town that made the brewery business famous. Walk down the business streets of Milwaukee and look at the business signs. You cannot pronounce one name in ten that you see. They are a conglomeration of German and Dutch and Swedish and Polish and Hindoo and Arabian and a thousand other foreign languages that sound like a cross between an able-bodied cat-fight and a one-legged sneeze.

In nearly all foreign countries Socialism has made more headway than it has in America, and this fact may account for the election of a Socialist mayor in Milwaukee, the foreign-American city.

I am not denouncing Mayor Seidel. His platform is a gem of purest ray serene, and if he delivers half the reforms he has promised he will be the coming man of America and Milwaukee will be a different town.

Seidel may remember his campaign pledges. He may deliver the goods. At any rate, we shall see what we shall see.

CHRISTOPHER AND BEN.

Every cult has its aristocracy and every ism its family tree. Elbert Hubbard is the aristocratic high-muck-a-doodle of American Socialism. In like manner, James Eads How and B. J. Corrigan are the millionaire pace-setters for the unwashed knights of the wanderlust.

The professional hoboes of the United States have an organization called the Brotherhood Welfare Association, and they held a convention in St. Louis recently. James Eads How, a millionaire hobo, held down the chair, and B. J. Corrigan, another millionaire hobo, played his musical mouth. Among other very choice chunks of chin-music that Mr. Corrigan emitted were the following:

"Christopher Columbus was the first great hobo to land on the shores of America. Benjamin Franklin was the second great hobo. The hobo is a pioneer on the highway of the world's progress."

There, you common cuss, put that in your pipe and smoke it! Next time some nasty, red-nosed tramp knocks at your back door and asks for a hand-out, you must fall at his feet and beg his everlasting pardon for not having your carriage meet him at the depot. And then you must throw the house open from garret to cellar and beg him to take anything he wants. For now you understand that the hobo is a direct lineal descendant of distinguished ancestry.

Christopher and Ben! Men of action! Men who did things that sent the world speeding on the path of progress! And now their good names must bear the stigma of being the fathers and forerunners of the common hobo. My, my! If the great Spaniard and the great American could know of this insult to their sacred memories, they would turn over in their graves and groan.

The next issue of The Fool-Killer will be hotter than ever.

THE OPERATING TABLE.

I am getting the wild animals stirred up a-ready. Some skunk-scented scalawag, who evidently picks his chewing tobacco out of the Holy Roman Spittoon, has allowed his priest-pampered gall-bag to leak on a sheet of paper, with the following result:

Baltimore, Md., Apr. 22, '10.

Editor "Fool-Killer,"
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Sir:

I had the misfortune to get hold of one of your nasty, lying papers which you call The Fool-Killer, and I never saw anything to equal it for gall and bitterness and lack of reason. The name would be more appropriate if you would just call it "The Fool." If charity begins at home, fool-killing ought to begin there too. So I advise you to change ends with your spatter-gun and let it go after the scalp of the blubbering fool that edits it. I am not a Roman Catholic myself, but I have many good friends who are, and I warn you that you'd better not print any more such abusive language about the Pope and the Catholic Church as you have been doing. Your carcass may be in danger if you do. If you had any sense you would know that the Catholic Church is a great and good institution, and that nobody but backwoods fools ever abuse it as you are doing. Cut it out!

E. V. W.

Lord love a duck! I wonder if E. V. W. thinks he can scare me with his near-Catholic dope? If he does he is barking up the wrong tree, sure. He is not a Catholic, he says, and yet he takes up for the gang and gets as mad as a wet hen because I dare to speak the truth about the "great Whore that sitteth upon many waters." Well, he can just scratch his mad place. I shall go right on ripping the sheep-skins off of the old Catholic wolves and pouring my red-hot remarks down their ungodly goozles. The world has not forgotten the time when the Catholic church had political power, and how she used it. And right this minute she is fairly tearing her shirt off trying to regain her lost political power. She is gaining in this country at a fearful rate, and when she gets control of our government—then look out! This is no idle dream. I have studied the subject and I know what I am talking about. Old Pius and his libertine priests have no desire to bless the world spiritually. All they want is to keep the people blindfolded and to get for themselves wealth and power.

E. V. W.'s defense of Romanism is no defense at all. It starts out like it was going to set the world on fire, but it soon dwindles to a squirrel track and runs up a tree. And now if the Baltimore Big Ike wants a real skinning, let him shoot off his mouth just one more time.

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1910. NO. 5.

FIVE DOLLARS IN GOLD
Given Away!

To the person who sends in the largest number of subscribers to THE FOOL-KILLER at the special club rate of Fifteen Cents a year on or before July 1st, 1910, I will give, absolutely free, a Five Dollar Gold Piece.

It is no trouble to get subscribers to THE FOOL-KILLER, and you can earn this valuable premium in a few minutes. One club-raiser got 55 subscribers in less than an hour. You can do as well. Five Dollar Gold Pieces do not grow on the bushes, but you now have a chance to get one for just a few minutes' work. Somebody will actually get this Five Dollars in Gold. Will it be YOU?

In order to compete for this prize, subscriptions must be mailed to this office not later than July 1st. The prize will be sent by registered mail at once, and the name of the prize-winner will be announced in the July number.

If, for any reason, you cannot work for this prize yourself, I ask you, as a special favor, to please show this offer to some friend who would like to work for it. Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THE NAME IS A HIT.

Yes, indeed, boys, we are on the right track. The name of a paper has a good deal to do with its success, and I have certainly "struck it rich" in selecting a name. "The Fool-Killer" sounds catchy and cute, and people naturally expect something rich in a paper with such a name. They have all heard of a traditional gentleman of that name who is said to be always behind with his work, but they never expected to see The Fool-Killer blossom out in the shape of a newspaper. And so the name arouses the reader's curiosity, tickles his fancy, and gets him in a good humor to start with. Then the rest is easy. He reads and laughs and wants more. He reads it to all his friends, and they also laugh and want more. Then they make up a club right on the spot and send it in. And that is the reason The Fool-Killer's fame is spreading so rapidly. It has a good name and tries to live up to it.

This is not a local paper, and, strictly speaking, it is not a newspaper. It is a monthly journal of Denunciation and Hard Hits. It is the voice of one crying in the wilderness—crying out against the sins and shams of Society, Church and State. Its mission is to strip the veil of deception from off the face of things and let you see them as they are.

I know The Fool-Killer has tackled a big job—one that cannot be finished this side of Eternity—but I am going to stay with it till the cows come home.

Come on, boys, and enjoy the fun with me. When The Fool-Killer gets to be the most famous paper in the country you will be proud of the fact that you were associated with it from the start.

All aboard! Honk! Honk!

THE NORTH POLE.

And, after all, what is the North Pole that men should lay their lives and fortunes at its feet? Only a geographical name. Only a mathematical point so many drees to the haw side of gee.

Scientific men and others agreed that there must be a North Pole, and we knew pretty well where it was located. We had it down on the map, and that ought to have been enough. If we knew the earth had an axle-tree we must have known where the hub was. And that brings out a new thought. Maybe they were searching for it to see if the axle needed greasing. And yet in all the polar expeditions I have read about I have not seen it stated that they took along a box of axle-grease or a bucket of tar.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The biggest fool in the world may know some particular thing better than anyone else, and in that he is wise. If he makes good in that line, what he don't know about other things makes no difference. He gets the glad hand and life is all to the merry.

Your paragon of wisdom may have his weak spot, and right there he may fall down. If he devotes his life to one thing and fails, what he might have accomplished in some other line don't count. He is a fool. That's what the world says, and the world thinks it knows. Yet the world may be a fool.

◆

The comet would have attracted more attention if Roosevelt had not been occupying the center of the stage.

◆

A big man can draw a crowd just by advertising himself, but a little man must have a subject.

SNUFF-DIPPING GIRLS.

Look here, you little old ignorant, backwoodsy, snuff-dipping goslings, I'm talking to you now. I know how you slip out behind the house and smear your mouths with that infernal old nasty stuff. Gee whizz! You must have a dog's stomach. A snuff-dipper's mouth reminds me of the back door of a tanyard. If you have seen other fool girls swabbing their tattle-traps with a solution of snuff and slobber, I can't imagine what you saw about it worthy of imitation. The habit is so nasty and repulsive that any decent girl ought to be ashamed of it, and no respectable young man wants a sweetheart with a bale of snuff caked in each corner of her mouth.

You wouldn't dare let your mammy catch you dipping snuff, and you are fools enough to think she will never know. But that's where you are mistaken. Any mammy with sense enough to grabble 'taters or feed the pig will not be long about catching up with you; and when she does find it out, if she is the mammy she ought to be, she will remove everything but your hide and then get a peach-tree limb and proceed to remove about half of that.

◆

The trouble about the honey-bee is that he doesn't carry honey at both ends.

WRITE ME A LETTER.

Hello there, friends! I want to ask a little favor of you. You and I are partners in the Fool-Killer business. I am here at this end of the line with my coat off and my sleeves rolled up. I am writing and printing the immortal hot truck that will kill the fools and paralyze the rascals and hypocrites. I know you are in sympathy with what I am doing and it will help some if you will write and tell me so.

Therefore I ask you to write me a letter. Show this copy of The Fool-Killer to all your friends and get them to subscribe if you can. Then when you write you can send in a big club. But if you can't send any subscriptions just now, write me a letter anyhow. Speak a good word for the paper—something that will encourage me and interest the other fellow. If you know of any fools that I have overlooked, call my attention to them and I will pour a bucket of melted language down their necks.

These words are addressed to every person whose name is now on my subscription list. I want a personal letter from every one of you. Just sit down and talk to me the same as if you were here in my office. I will answer you through the paper, and we will have the jolliest time you ever saw writing to each other.

Don't forget to show The Fool-Killer to everybody you see and take their subscriptions. But whatever you do—write me a letter. Do it now!

JOLTS.

Backbone is better than wishbone.

Human happiness cannot be preserved in alcohol.

The highest price you can pay for some things is to get them for nothing.

The people of olden times believed that the world was square. Perhaps it was in those days.

The reason some people have such a little mind is because they are always giving other people a piece of it.

They say Roosevelt is threatened with incipient bronchitis. Land sakes! Incipient bronchitis must be a plum fool to tackle Teddy.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, Editor.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Putting the Question.

It was on the broad Atlantic,
 And the storm was at its height;
All the passengers were frantic—
 Nearly paralyzed with fright.

But the Captain loved the ocean,
 And he said, in passing by,
"All in favor of this motion
 Make it known by saying 'I'."

◆

IDIOTORIALS.

How do you feel since the comet hit you?

◆

I don't believe the world is half as good as I think it is.

◆

Nearly every man you meet is for sale—if you have the price.

◆

A gentleman is a man you don't know very well.

◆

The tale of the comet will be continued in 1985.

◆

Very few things in this world are what they pretend to be. All is sham and veneer.

◆

In the liquor statistics of this country the figures are actually staggering.

◆

At this writing Mr. Roosevelt has not asked Oldjo Cannon to meet him in Europe.

◆

Some church members put on a lot of fine clothes to hide the religion that they haven't got.

◆

I have seen some bedsteads that were all brass, and I have seen some people just like 'em.

◆

Dun and Bradstreet are the greatest "fortune tellers" in the country.

◆

Well, we got to see the eclipse of the moon, anyhow. That was some help.

◆

Clothes do not make the man, but there is no use to create a sensation by going around without them.

◆

Some people work harder trying to avoid work than they would have to work to make a good living.

◆

Our modern missionaries believe in a variety show. They handle three articles—soap, soup and salvation.

◆

The first picture I saw of the new Queen of England showed her with a little old wooly dog in her lap. I felt sorry for the dog, as well as the queen's children who were in the back yard fighting with a little nigger.

When you write a letter and mark it "Please burn this," the proper place to post it is in the stove.

◆

One reason why there are so many divorces is because women love poodle-dogs better than they love babies.

◆

A citizen of this county died last week, leaving all he had to his wife's folks. All he had was his wife.

◆

I know a rich and rheumatic rascal who would like to swap his automobile for my legs. But I won't swap.

◆

If the Fourth of July wants to witness a sure-enough celebration it should be on hand about the time Roosevelt gets home.

◆

About the only thing that we poor devils get out of life is the fun of seeing the rich devils worry over their wealth.

◆

The "comet hat" is the latest thing in feminine headgear. It has a tail that reaches clean back into last summer.

◆

Old Satan has bought him a new silk hat and paid his pew rent. He will be at church every Sunday this summer.

◆

Old Deacon Skinflint is a pretty good fellow. When the collection plate comes around he never takes out more than a quarter.

◆

I asked a fellow if he was in favor of Woman Suffrage, and he replied: "Yes, by gum! Let the women suffer same as the men!"

◆

When I hear people bragging about their distinguished ancestry, I can't help wondering what made the stock run out so quick.

◆

Some of my neighbors got on the water-wagon New Year's day, and they haven't touched a glass of likker since. They drink it out of a jug now.

◆

The fact that so many deaths occur in the early morning may be explained on the theory that some people would rather die than get up.

◆

On being shown The Fool-Killer the other day, one fellow said: "Well, boys, if I had know the fool-killer was no bigger than that I wouldn't have been so much afraid of him all my life." Hold on, mister! You can't always judge a thing by its size. A fodder stack is bigger than a flea, but it can't bite half as hard.

The Fool-Killer can chew up a fool and spit him out before he has time to think a cuss word.

◆

Governor Hadley proposes to pass farms around on a plate and let every fellow take one. Hi, there! Start your plate this way, Governor.

◆

Out in Illinois they are searching for a man named M. Link. Let's see, what could that "M." stand for?—why, "Missing Link," of course.

◆

Old Sam Gompers is trying to carry water on both shoulders. Look out, Sam, or you'll stump your memory against a root and spill your reputation.

◆

I wouldn't give three cents a gallon for royal blood to play leapfrog through my plebeian veins. Look at old man King Edward—when he shuffled off he was as dead as a lobster.

◆

You may have a string of blue-blooded ancestors as long as the comet's tail, but if you have never accomplished anything yourself—well, I wouldn't blow much if I were you.

◆

The Czar of Russia and the new King of England are cousins, and they are so much alike that if they should get mixed up they would have to go home and get their wives to sort 'em.

◆

About 200 people have dug up the required amount and had their names placed on The Fool-Killer subscription list since last issue. Going some? Yes, sir! You better climb on and go with us.

◆

An exchange wants an answer to the following question: "If a man has an income of two million dollars a year, what is his principal?" Bless your simple heart, Buddy, a man with such an income as that usually has no principle.

◆

The one-gallus hill-billy who sells his vote for a pound of hog-corpse is just as good a citizen as the great corporation lawyer who smothers his conscience and sells his brain to a set of thieves for a fat salary. And that's no lie.

◆

Mr. Everett Pearson, of Statesville, N. C., is the champion club-raiser for The Fool-Killer. Mr. Pearson worked about an hour one day and secured 55 subscribers. He did not meet with a single refusal—every man he showed the paper to subscribed at once. That's business. Now I want 1,000 club-raisers like Everett Pearson. Speak up, boys! Let me hear from every one of you.

THEY SANG A LIE.

I went to church last Sunday and heard the congregation screw up its voice to the highest pitch and sing:

> "Take my silver and my gold;
> Not a mite would I withhold,"

and then when the service was over I saw a poor crippled beggar go through the crowd and try to get ten cents to buy a snack to eat, and he didn't get it. But I saw several of those consecrated singers go home smoking ten cent cigars.

"Not a mite would I withhold"—aw, shut up! Such a display of brazen-faced hypocrisy makes me boil with indignation. They didn't mean a word of it, and if an angel had appeared on the scene and tried to separate them from their money, he would have had the most dickens of a scuffle that ever you saw. They would have pulled all his wing feathers out and sent him hopping back to heaven on crutches.

A DIRTY DEVIL.

In the course of its daily operations among the floundering fools of creation The Fool-Killer is called upon to apply the red-hot branding-iron to one of the lowest and meanest specimens of the human devil that is allowed to live outside of the sweltering hot place. Whew! It's a nasty job, but I must sail into it.

I shall not defile these columns with the name of the human beast, but if he sees this he will no doubt recognize his photograph.

In a certain town in North Carolina there lives an aged mother and her invalid daughter. The invalid daughter has the misfortune of being the wife of the nameless nothing-patch who is the text of this sermon. Several months ago the shameless scallowag hoboed his way into the town where the widow and daughter lived. The daughter was not an invalid then—she was in average health. So this human beast met the daughter and began to make love. The poor woman was captured by his devilish tongue, and because there seemed to be a man needed about the place, she married him on short acquaintance. She ought to have had more sense, but she did just what thousands of other girls have done—married a total stranger.

Well, it was only a few months after the marriage that the young wife got down sick and became a chronic invalid. Don't ask me why she got sick. You know as much about that as I do. And any woman who has a beast for a husband very likely knows more than either of us. But let that pass. The point is, she became an invalid.

And what did this great big little seed-tick of a husband do then? Why, bless your soul, he boarded with his wife and her mother until the provisions were all eaten up and the necessity of providing for the family stared him in the face. Then he packed his worldly goods in a snuff-box and faded into the landscape. He simply vamoosed the ranch. In other words, he skiddooed, leaving his helpless wife to the mercies of the world.

As soon as the dirty dog was gone, the deserted family received word that he had treated another woman the same way not long before. He had married her in health, and then left her because she got down sick. Married again, and left his second wife for the same reason. So there are two poor helpless women living not many miles apart, both bearing the name of this nameless wretch, while he is out in the world trying to rope in another victim.

Heavens alive! Was there ever a meaner man? Why, his infernal heart is so black that the charred cinders of a nigger rape-fiend taken from the furnaces of hell would make a white mark on it. He ought to be chased into the penitentiary with a brace of bloodhounds, and there compelled to live on dirt and red-worms and work sixteen hours a day making white oak paddles to be worn out over his western hemisphere.

COCA-COLA.

Thunder and blazes! But don't some of these great "reform" journals get there with both feet? Well, I should smile! For instance, here is the Woman's World, of Chicago, a magazine which claims the largest circulation of any publication on earth. It pretends to stand for the moral uplift of its readers, and it has been simply tearing its shirt off in its mad campaign against the "white slave" evil. It claims the honor of starting the present war against the inhuman traffic in girls—a war which Rocky D. Oilyfeller, Jr., has gone into with his sleeves rolled up.

All of which is good so far as it goes. I give full credit to the Woman's World for all the good it has done. But I want you to turn with me to the outside back cover page of the June number of this great bulwark of moral and civic righteousness, and see what we will find.

Printed in two colors, with a great, glaring red border around it, is a full page advertisement of the daddy of dopes—Coca-Cola. Now isn't that a sight for angels and men? The Coca-Cola company, of Atlanta, Ga., has made millions out of the dope business. It advertises its great belly-wash as "delicious, refreshing and harmless," but a bigger lie was never printed. We all know that Coca-Cola is a dope, and that a dope is dangerous. Like all the other "soft drinks," it contains enough of the fatal drugs to make an appetite grow, and the more the appetites grow the more the business grows. If these popular drinks were not doped they would not sell, and nobody knows this any better than the people who make them. Every soda-fountain in the United States is a dope-mill, and if it wasn't it couldn't run.

The dope evil in the United States is just as great a national crime as the white slave evil, if not greater. And yet our great moral and religious magazines will cuss out one evil and sell their space to the other. They will paint the horrors of white slavery in the most lurid colors and then in a full-page advertisement they will tell you how extremely nice and altogether lovely it would be to become a dope-slave.

If you want me to tell you what makes the difference, I can tell you in a jiffy. The white slave traders do not buy full-page advertising space in the magazines at $10,000 a page. The Coca-Cola grafters do. That is the difference and the only difference.

SHE BURNT HIS LEG.

Michael Kinsel, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., was the proud possessor of a wooden leg. It was a birthday present from his wife. Now Michael loved that wooden leg almost as well as a baby loves Castoria. The only thing that he loved better than that wooden leg was old corn likker. When Michael had his leg and his likker he was happy. His love for the leg was perhaps due, in large measure, to the fact that the leg was useful in getting to the saloon. In fact, Michael and the leg marched off to the booze joint many a time when the good wife thought they ought to stay at home. And when Michael pulled the latch string in the early morning hours a wooden leg or no leg at all was all the same to him. He was in that heaven of a drunkard's glory where legs are only in the way.

The good wife of his bosom stood it as long as she could. Then one night when Michael happened to be at home in the bed, she very quietly picked up that wooden leg and placed it on the fire. It was soon reduced to ashes.

Then the trouble began. Micheal indicted his wife for burning his wooden leg, and she told the court that she was determined to keep him away from the saloon if she had to burn both legs.

"I admire your pluck, Mrs. Kinsel," said the judge, "but I'll have to bind you over to keep the peace."

"Keep the piece?" yelled Michael. "Why, there wasn't enough of it left to make a toothpick!"

HE ISN'T A GOD.

As much as I admire Theodore Roosevelt, I am not blind to his faults. I am not a hero-worshiper, and I don't believe in setting any mortal man up as a god. That seems to be what we're trying to do with Roosevelt. We are about to forget that he is human, and in our blind enthusiasm we are trying to transform him into a deity.

Strange how people will lose their heads. Roosevelt is indeed the greatest personality that has flashed across our horizon in a century or more, but that is no excuse for us to get down on our mortal bellies and make blubbering fools of ourselves. Let us admire the man for his many-sided genius, and let us be proud of him as the representative of our national spirit. But let us hold up our heads and show to the world that we, too, are men, and not fawning idiots. Let Europe recognize Roosevelt as a typical American and not as a lonesome giant who sprang from a race of dwarfs.

It will be a pretty pass if the outside world gets the idea that Roosevelt is the only great man among us. And it is liable to get that idea if we don't quit acting the fool.

Let Europe crawl in the dust and indulge her propensity for hero-worship all she wants to, but we can't afford to do it. Every time we exalt one of our number to dizzy heights we lower the standard of the average. If you magnify the contrast between the hero and the average man, the latter's hope of ever being a hero is lessened by just that much, and his ambition gets a set-back.

So we had better be careful how we lionize the distinguished Lion Hunter. Too much of it may not be good for him, and it certainly will not be good for us. Let us be glad that we have produced such a man, but instead of spending all our time dancing around him like wild Indians, let us set ourselves sanely to the task of producing other men just as great. We can do it if we try.

THE KING IS DEAD.

Oh, what are the kingdoms that rise,
Or the tottering kingdoms that fall,
When Eternity stands
With a rule in her hands
To measure the worth of it all?

Ah, what is a moment of fame,
And power that suddenly flies?
And what is a throne
To a widow alone?
And what is a king when he dies?

A king in the prime of his power
May bend the world to his will;
But a king in the grave
Is no more than a slave,
As he lies there stark and still.

But the wicked old world moves on,
And the mourners will soon forget;
New suns will arise
In the royal skies
When the earlier suns have set.

And this is the sum of it all—
No more can ever be said:—
The King of all kings
Is the Ruler of things,
No matter what kings be dead.

A LETTER FROM THE COMET.

Out in Space, Going Some,
June 1st, 1910.

Editor "Fool-Killer,"
Moravian Falls, N. C.
Dear Sir:

On my recent visit to your neighborhood I learned that it is the custom there for travellers to write about the places they visit. And as I am something of a traveller myself I will try to set down a few thoughts as I jog along. It is nearly mail time now, and if I fail to get this letter off in today's mail I will send it tomorrow.

I want to say, Mr. Editor, that my recent visit to your section has been one of the most interesting experiences of my long career as a traveller. I have been calling on you at regular intervals for many thousands of years, and the earth-people have always seemed to take a great interest in me. This is what I call the busy end of my run, but I am always glad to get back here. Life is rather dull out yonder in the endless leagues of space where I spend most of my time. There is lots going on, to be sure, but everything is on such a big scale that I am never noticed. That hurts my feelings a good deal, because I want to attract attention wherever I go. I want to feel that I am a personage of some importance. But I can't feel that way out there. You people on earth think I'm pretty big, but you ought to see some of the worlds I pass in my travels. Why, Mr. Editor, some of those worlds are so big that I look like a fly-speck in comparison. They have lightning-bugs out there that are bigger than I am, and their women wear hats that I could double up and go to sleep in.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers! Do it now! Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

When I get around toward the far end of my run, such a sense of my own littleness comes over me that I lose all energy and can't half travel. Out in those regions I never go more than a hundred miles a second, which is the same as being tied to a post.

I get awful thirsty out there, too. They have plenty of water, but it is so coarse I can't drink it. The only time I get anything like a good drink is when I pass through the Milky Way. They had just churned when I passed there the last time, and I drank buttermilk till I thought in my soul I'd bust.

But before closing I must say a few words about the earth and what I saw there this time. I have seen the earth hundreds of times before, and it was always about the same old thing; but this time I noticed a good many changes. The first important change I noticed was when I got in sight of Europe. I was expecting the people of Europe to come out and meet me and give me a great ovation. But there seemed to be something else that was holding their attention, and my coming was hardly noticed. I had some difficulty in finding out what the new attraction was, but I finally discovered that it was a new comet which had lately arisen out of Africa. It had eyeglasses and teeth and made speeches.

So I turned Europe over to my rival and hurried on to America, where my coming was more widely noticed. I saw men peeping at me through great long hollow things, and I first thought they were trying to shoot me. But I learned later that the hollow things were telescopes.

I am bound to admit that you earth-people have made wonderful progress in some directions during the last 75 years. The earth is full of new and strange things that I never saw there before. The parallel lines of steel rails running all over the earth and the net-work of wires stretched up everywhere were puzzles to me. I wondered what they were used for. Then I saw your steam-cars and your flying machines and many other things that made me open my eyes in astonishment. When I was here last the buggies had horses to pull them. Now men have discovered a stink that is strong enough to pull their buggies, and the horses are out of date.

Well, I see the mail-boy coming about a billion miles up the road; so I'll close this letter and send it on. I'll call again about 75 years from now to see what further progress the earth-people have made. Goodbye.

Yours on a long jaunt,
HALLEY'S COMET.

IT DO BEAT ALL.

The first ticket for the fight between Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson at San Francisco on July 4 will be presented to Theodore Roosevelt on his arrival in New York. The ticket will be made of solid gold.—News item.

Rip! Rap! Slam! Bang! Where in the thunder is the butcher-knife? There are times in a man's life when he feels like grabbing the first weapon in reach and just clearing the deck. This is one time I feel that way. Words are good things to have about the house, but they are utterly useless in a case like this. The only tools needed here are the kind you can knock down and drag out with.

Shades of Nero! What will the fanatical fools of the prize ring try to do next? They are so carried away with the idea of that Jeffries-Johnson beef-killing that they can't think of anything else. That is the great event before which all other things must take a back seat. Should the Lord send a messenger to tell those California fools that the end of the world was coming on July 3rd, they would send word back, "O Lord, can't you put it off until after the prize-fight?"

And they are trying to make the indecent performance more popular by having Roosevelt present as an on-looker—going to send him a solid gold ticket admitting him to the best seat in the grandstand where he can absorb the civilizing and elevating vibrations that flow from a slugging-match between two heathenish hellians fighting for a pot of gold.

Now wouldn't that jar your slats? O shame and disgrace! Let us hope and pray that Roosevelt is a bigger man than that. Let us hope that he will not accept their golden ticket, and that he will not dishonor himself by lending the weight of his presence to such an occasion. His acceptance would mean the giving of his sanction to a business that ought to have died when Rome fell—a business that has no rightful place in our civilized America.

But is America civilized? Not that anybody knows of.

THE GOSSIPS.

Did you ever sit down in a dark corner of the room and listen to the tattlers tattle? Never did? Well, then, you have missed a treat. Here is a sample, just to show you how it goes:

"Have you heard the news? Mrs. Blank told Mrs. Mudge that old Mr. Fudge heard from somebody who had it direct from somebody else that Mrs. Crank overheard Mr. Smith say that young Mr. Moneybags is paying attention to some young lady, she did not know exactly who, but there could be no doubt about the truth of the story."

And all the old gossips listen and express their surprise and think it is so strange.

QUEEN JESSIE.

Miss Jessie Key Habersham, a Baltimore society girl, discovered that society was what the last part of her name spells, and so she shook the whole capoodle and married a wandering Gypsy. Her husband is a "king" of a Gypsy band. They call her "Queen Jessie," and she says she is happy. Now there is more to admire in a girl like that than there is in the powder-puff primps of social Sodom who sell themselves for a rickety old foreign title that is out at the elbows and run down at the heels. Hats off to Queen Jessie!

Now go back to the first page and read that great Premium Offer again. Then get out among your friends and hustle up a big list of subscribers. You might as well have that Five Dollars in Gold as anyone else. Somebody is going to get it. Will it be YOU? Remember that this offer only holds good till July 1st.

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1910. NO. 6.

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THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

JULY.

Oh, seething, sultry summer month,
July,
When mercury runs high;
When panting cows in pasture branches wade,
And mortals seek the shade!

Pray tell me why your sunbeams ever
beat,
Charged with such melting heat,
Upon the heads of us poor lazy swains
Here on the scorching plains?

Oh, prodigal July, I'd like it more
If you would keep in store
A portion of the heat you throw away
Till some cold winter day.

I well remember in December last,
Amid the wintry blast,
How I did heave the unavailing sigh
For your warm breath, July!

But you were hiding in your safe retreat,
And hoarding up your heat,
To make us pant and sweat these
summer days,
Beneath your steady blaze.

We won't presume to kick up any
fuss,
But this is hard on us;
We'd like to know where winter summers at;
Oh, please do tell us that!

THE SMOKING PREACHER.

Perhaps this editorial will stir up another racket. Don't care if it does. The Fool-Killer is an expression of my own views and opinions, and if other people don't agree with me, that's none of my fault. As old John Ploughman says, if you find a hoe on these premises, weed your own garden with it. To change the figure, if the cap fits, wear it.

My text for this sermon is, "The Smoking Preacher," and if my remarks happen to raise a few blisters on your beloved pastor, don't come to me about—go to him. Next time you see your smoking preacher coming down the street with his nicotine stove running in full blast, you go to him and tell him what The Fool-Killer says. Tell him that smoking is only one form of sinful dissipation, same as drinking likker or cussing. And any preacher who can't subdue his sinful nature and cut out all such habits is not fit to be entrusted with the care of human souls.

I would just as soon have my preaching done by a respectable drunkard—one who wants to quit and can't—as to have it pumped through the tobacco-scented lips of a preacher who loves his cigar.

How in the name of Tom Walker can a poor sinner be expected to reform and cut out his pet sins, when the so-called man of God who stands up as his righteous pattern and teacher is not able or willing to practice what he preaches?

If the preacher has a right to make a smokehouse of his mouth and a chimney of his nose, then his congregation has a perfect right to drink likker, play cards and cuss—and they generally do it.

Any kind of smoking—whether pipe, cigar or cigarette—is a degrading habit, a worldly dissipation, and the man who indulges in any form of it has not got loose from his sins. His actions prove to the world that he has not been regenerated and is not fit to preach the gospel.

IT'S NO JOKE.

A rock-ribbed Doubting Thomas from the State of Bill Bryan writes me to know if The Fool-Killer is a sure-enough paper or only a joke. I take this means of informing his royal lowness that it isn't any joke, and he will agree with me if it ever gets its fingers tangled in his louse-pasture. No sir, Buddy, The Fool-Killer is a fixture in the affairs of men, and it is going to stay here. A paper with as much work to do as The Fool-Killer has can't afford to die—at least, not for a few thousand years yet.

The Independent Order of Self-Made Fools have started a movement to represent The Fool-Killer as a new-born joke, but the joke will be on themselves. Their old boomerangtang double-barrelled devil-gun will kick backward harder than it will shoot forward, and there 'll be more fool-hides ready for the tan-yard.

Don't let your thinkometer get mixed up with the belief that this paper is just an imaginary institution. It is right here with the goods. It stands four-square to the world and don't care if a dollar is a bushel. Whenever a blabbering busy-body or a ready made rascal gets within the radius of The Fool-Killer's billy, it makes him feel like he had been smitten by the latter left hind foot of an army mule.

So send in your clubs and watch me peel the tan-bark off of 'em.

THE WISEACRES.

You have noticed that the best lawyers have never been admitted to the bar. They stand around on the street corners and argue. The best statesmen are the fellows who have never been elected to office, and never will be. They also stand around on the streets and argue their heads off about the tariff and other state questions. They know all about the cotton schedules, and the duty on pig lead, and every other item in the tariff schedules. They know how Uncle Sam could wipe out the deficit in the postal department. They know everything. The best baseball umpires are always in the grandstand. They howl about and dispute every decision the real umpire makes. But you never hear of them being called upon to officiate in a real game. The greatest financiers sit about on the streets and whittle the corners off the dry goods boxes. They know where this man made a mistake, and where the town banker is going broke. But they cannot take their wisdom to the meat market and trade it for a soup bone.

VIRGIN MARY OUT OF DATE.

Now, then, what do you think? The infallible Pappy of Rome has got down on his gold-plated belly and lavished a lot of his holy slobber on the pretty pink toes of that dazzling darling, Dame Fashion. Who would a thunk it? And that makes it look to a man up a tree like Dame Fashion is more infallible than the Pappy is. How does it look to you?

Ever since Heck was a pup, one of the iron-clad laws of the Vatican has been that the wimmen folks of the Roman Catholic lay-out must wear a little string around their necks, and the said string must support a little doodad which must hang down in the neighborhood of where the baby gets its dinner, and on the said doodad must be a picture of the Virgin Mary.

The arrangement worked all right until Madam Fashion came along with this new style of collar which buttons around the waist, and then the little Catholic string with the Virgin Mary doodad hanging to it, and showing against the snowy breastworks of Cupid's War Department—well, that had a sort of tendency to mar the landscape, you know.

And so the good Catholic sisters sent up a mighty howl about it and prevailed upon the Pappy to decree a new decreement on the subject. And he straightway did so. He knocked the head out of a brand-new barrel of infallibility which had just arriv on the noon freight, and he discovered, in view of the whereforeness of the whatnot, that the doodad was not absolutely essential to salvation, nohow.

But that isn't the point, exactly. Essential or non-essential, when Fashion said it must go—it went. To be sure, the little image of the Virgin Mary didn't hide a very big scope of country, but the Pappy reasoned that if a little nakedness was good for the Catholic church, more nakedness would be better, and so he has passed the word down the line that the little images can be wrapped up in an old stocking leg and laid away.

The Pope may be great, but we seem to be waking up to the fact that Fashion is greater. In fact, she seems to have the old fellow right where the crane had the eel.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR

One year to your heart, 25 Cents, In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Moravian Falls, North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

EDITORIALS.

Talk less; think more.

Pulpit thunder is not much sign of spiritual rain.

Don't tell all you know, but be sure you know all you tell.

Be deep if you can; and if you can't be deep, be quiet.

Did you ever hear the bark of a dogwood tree?

A genius is a fellow who tries to borrow money—and gets it.

The surest way to get money out of a farm is to own a railroad.

You can generally save money by avoiding the dead-sure things.

The dancing school is another of hell's recruiting stations.

Did you know that the devil could preach? You just ought to hear him.

Elbert Hubbard isn't a fool for want of sense—he is a fool for revenue only.

Fashionable singing is the kind that sounds like the expiring wail of a dying calf.

Some people are so smart that their own friends are afraid they know too much.

Ever since Cain was able to whip Abel, men who were able have raised Cain.

Divorce lawyers build their palaces on the ruins of Platonic friendships.

It seems to be the brute in man that makes him interesting to the average woman.

The kingdom of God is made up of plain people who went about doing good.

The millionaires own the country and the devil owns the millionaires.

Lots of men regard home as merely a place to leave their dirty duds.

What we intend to do tomorrow won't bring home any bread and butter today.

When you get to the point where you feel like thanking God for having made you better than other people—look out! Something is going to happen.

Patten says he is out at last. The people are also out—several million dollars.

If men hated sin as bad as they hate the jail, the lawyers would be out of a job.

When a widow is wise she is very wise, and when she is a fool she is an awful big fool.

Men's noses were probably placed on their faces as a handle for the women to lead them about by.

The first thing some folks will want to do when they get to heaven will be to elect a new set of officers.

The loudest noise that the country has heard lately is the silence that is now eminating from Teddy Roosevelt.

Some people try to whip the devil around a stump, and others climb a tree when they see him coming.

The battle is over—the great annual battle of July 4th—and another crop of fools are laid up for repairs.

There are no more party lines in Tennessee. It is all Patterson and anti-Patterson. Hurrah for the antis, I say.

A kiss is a big mouthful of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud.

If you go to the Bible for excuses rather than for reasons, you are a poor excuse for an unreasonable fool.

There may be lots of honest men in this country, but they are all lost in the woods and we can't spare the time to hunt for them.

The men who can become rich and not get above the friends they made while poor, are mighty good—and mighty scarce.

Just a very little rain can keep people away from church; but they could almost wade a flood to go to a shindig or a circus.

He was just plain Theodore Roosevelt when he left us. He comes back Theodore Roosevelt, A. B., LL. D., Ph. D., A. M., I. T.

If everybody had as much smartness salted down in their little intellectual smokehouses as they think they have, this would be a very wise old world.

The Fool-Killer is printed once a month, because its fool editor wants to print it and the other fools can't help themselves.

The Pope of Rome says our recent visitor, Halley's comet, is a spectacle that is not commensurate with the fuss made over it. So is the Pope.

People are always most interested in what concerns them least. This is why a horse race draws a bigger crowd than a prayer-meeting.

If all the knee grease that is wasted in college foot-ball could be used in lifting the burdens of the world what a difference it would make!

The best way to reform people is to set them a good example. Do the best you know how and mind your own business. Give the other fellow a chance to do the same.

The fact that a blamed old bull-headed prize-fighter can rake in more money in one hour than our president can earn in six months, shows what a devil of a country this is.

That Missouri preacher who advised his congregation to go and see the Jim-Jack prize-fight ought to have his infernal tongue cut out by the roots. He is a devil of a preacher.

"Give 'em down the country!" is an expression very often heard. People who use the expression perhaps do not know that they are talking ugly, but what they really say is, "Give 'em hell!"

Even if Zeppelin should go to the North Pole in his wabble-sided wind-wader, how in the mischief would we know it? We have been Cooked and Pearyed until we have no confidence in these cold-storage North Pole yarns. Cut it out, Zep.

Jack London was present to write up the big nose-mashing. After the battle was over, I guess London had no difficulty in raking up enough second-hand cuticle and nigger wool to make a pretty good Socialist argument.

The papers say that Henry Watterson's son has gone crazy over religion. The trouble is that the worldly-minded newspapers haven't got gumption enough to distinguish between religion and insanity. The newspapers at the day of Pentecost said Peter was crazy.

Send in that club, quick!

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

He read in the papers that there would be war,
And he worried about it;
He couldn't imagine what all it was for,
But he worried about it.
He read it in something, or so it appears,
That the sun would go out in a few million years,
And it troubled his mind and it doubled his fears,
And he worried about it.

The scientists told him there 'd be a great crash,
And he worried about it;
He dreamed of the universe going to smash,
And he worried about it.
He knew that the earth would fall into the sun,
Just like it was shot from a Gatling-gun—
In a few million years it would surely be done—
And he worried about it.

In far distant ages the coal would give out,
And he worried about it;
And what they would burn was a matter of doubt,
And he worried about it.
From the papers and books he had managed to learn
That the Glacial Age was a-going to return,
With nothing this side of hell that would burn,
And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing to pay for their grub;
He didn't worry about it;
And when she was doubled up over the tub,
He didn't worry about it.
He sat by the fire, and he sat and he sat,
And he smoked and he puffed and he chewed and he spat;
As to making a living—his wife would do that;
He didn't worry about it.

SISTER CHURCH AND BROTHER WORLD.

Time was when you could distinguish the difference between a church member and a sinner by their daily walk and conduct, but you can't do it any more. Sister Church has taken the arm of Brother World and they go galloping around together like two young fools at a country dance. They galavant up to the house of God together, and there they sit snuggled up in the amen corner looking as innocent as two pet rabbits. A stranger would be sure to think that the angelic pinfeathers were sprouting out behind their shoulder-blades. While the poor preacher is working for dear life at the handle of the old gospel pump, the Church and the World sit there with their mouths open like a gang of young catbirds, looking as sanctified as an angel's grandmother. But as soon as the benediction is pronounced these two inseparable companions, the Church and the World, go hiking off to the devil's stomping-ground, where the gossips and the toughs congregate, and there they almost rupture their leather lungs trying to see who can reel off the biggest and nastiest yarns.

Some people seem to have an idea that religion is a thing that they can put on and off with their Sunday coat—that they can be a saint in the church house and a devil everywhere else. But they can't cram that sort of doctrine down old Saint Peter's windpipe. When these double-faced hypocrites get to the Golden Gate and try to slip through on the sly, old man Peter will grab a chair-post and frail the devil out of them.

There's no seventeen ways about it, a man simply can't serve God and the Devil at the same time. Neither can he serve God one day and the Devil the next. He must choose one side or the other and then stick to it like a puppy to a root.

The professed Christian who tries to stand in with the world by doing as the world does, will discover sooner or later that he never did have religion enough to save the soul of a chicken-louse.

I like to see a man show his colors by getting down in the dust with his new pants on to lead in prayer. And it's all right for him to bellow "Amen!" every minute during the sermon if he wants to. All that looks good to me. But when I see the same sanctified sniperjack set himself up as the ring-leader of a gang of neighborhood rowdies, cracking coarse jokes and spinning vulgar yarns by the hour for the amusement of said rowdies, I feel that somebody ought to get busy with a black-snake whip or a two-handed paddle with holes in it.

GET A BALLOON.

Halleloo! Another victory over mortal ailments has been recorded. Sid Beckwith, one of the New York "smart fellers," has grabbed Old Lady Insomnia by the top-knot and tossed her back into the unlamented erstwhile.

Sid says that if gentle Sleep unfolds her downy wings and flits away from you, and you want to coax her back, all you have to do is to get you a dirigible balloon and take a few moonlight rambles among the stars. Then you can go to bed the next night and sleep two rows at a time. So next time you can't sleep, just hop out of bed and take a little spin through space, and come back cured. It's very simple. And the beauty of the remedy is that any sort of dirigible balloon will do. They are cheap, too. Beckwith says it is foolish to pay more than fifty thousand dollars for a balloon. Every family should have several on hand all the time, to be ready in case of emergency.

THE BIBLE AND ITS ENEMIES.

A great deal of hot air is being shot off these days about defending the Bible against the attacks of the atheists and infidels. Why, bless your soul, mister, the old Book don't need any defending. Through all the past centuries of darkness and doubt the Bible has been taking care of itself, and it is quite able to keep on doing so.

Every generation contributes its little coterie of warty-souled wiseacres who swell up on their own little bigness and try to disprove the truth of the Bible. Each one has a new method by which he is going to lambast the eternal tar out of the old Book and relegate it to the limbo of the dim and shadowy past. He makes a great splutter while he is at it, and some of the short-sighted and weak-kneed brethren get scared and think the Bible is in danger. But it isn't. These great thunder-guns of infidelity, who turn themselves loose against the Word of God, always manage to blow their own sawdust brains out first. They spin around a few times like a horsefly with a pin in the seat of his pants, or a fice dog with a bone hung in its throat, and then their little earthly spasm is over. They have not injured the Bible a particle, but they have played everlasting smash with their own poor, puny souls.

Any fool can go out in dry weather when the sun is shining and wallow in the dust and kick up his heels until he is enveloped in a cloud of dust and can't see the sun. But the sun is shining right on, nevertheless. The Tom Paines and the Bob Ingersolls of this world are just like that—they paw and scrape in the black dust of unbelief until they get their eyes full and can't see the glorious light of truth. The darkness is not in the Book, but in the men.

So many of these worldly-wise wiggletails have tried to destroy the Bible and failed that it looks like they would quit after awhile. But the poor old addle-pated fools haven't got sense enough to know when they are beaten.

See here, you self-made Solomons of the doubting persuasion, you just might as well save your breath to cool your dumpling. Your kick against the Eternal Truth isn't paying dividends. You remind me of an old razor-back sow trying to root the Rocky Mountains down.

THE DEVIL IS A DANDY.

God created the devil, and then kicked him out.

The children of God feed the devil, and then he kicks them off the grass.

The devil is the father of plutocracy.

God made wisdom better than riches, but forgot to provide wisdom with a club long enough to whip the devil.

To please the devil seems to be the object of all law and ambition.

If every man had a devil, then we should have an equal show and a devil of a time—but as it is we have a devil of a time and a devil of a poor show.

The devil is the banker of the universe—the prime mover and partaker of the benefits of modern legislation.

The devil serves nobody but himself—and robs even those who serve him.

The riches of the earth are the devil's opportunity, and the trusts are the means whereby he acquires them all.

The devil without a standing army would be a plutocratic foot-race to the bottom of the deep blue sea.

The devil is the major-general of all the wars of history, driving fools to kill each other while he rakes in the spoils.

The devil smiles on the scene of carnage, and quenches his thirst in pools of blood.

The devil rides horseback, and never feeds his horse.

Virtue and honor have nothing the devil does not claim.

The devil is the power behind the throne, the owner of politicians, the creator of debts, and the bondholder who profits thereby.

The devil is the organizer of trusts, and the systematic thief of time and labor.

The devil owns the Senate and a part of the House, has the President by the coat-tail and controls the working of the cabinet.

Parties come and go—but the devil stays, and justice has two black eyes and wears her summer clothes all winter.

◆

Our American jury system is an arrangement by which the blame of deciding a law-suit is spread among twelve men, so that they can make the verdict as idiotic as possible without anyone in particular being to blame.

◆

The Fool-Killer is a double-geared, self-acting buzz-saw with teeth all over itself. It can rip off more dog-hide from the carcass of the floundering fool in thirty minutes than will grow back in thirty years.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOOL-KILLER.

The Fool-Killer has an endless job,
For the Fool comes along every minute,
And the Executioner can't, if he tried,
Kill all the Fools the world has in it.

COL. JOHN A. JOYCE,
Washington, D. C.

W. T. WAY, Burlington, N. C.—I read The Fool-Killer for June and think it is a good one. You certainly gave it to the "Snuff-Dipping Girls." If there was ever a habit I despise, it is the habit of dipping snuff and chewing tobacco.

W. A. FOGLEMAN, Salisbury, N. C.—Enclosed find a list of ten subscriptions to The Fool-Killer for one year at 15 cents each, as per your club offer. Also find money order for $1.05 to cover same. Send me a few sample copies.

C. B. WAY, Burlington, N. C.—I have secured seven subscriptions for The Fool-Killer. If I had had time I could have secured a much larger club, as almost everyone to whom I showed the paper subscribed. Find enclosed money order for $1.05 to pay for seven subscriptions.

C. C. MIKELS, Fort Payne, Ala.—A trial package of The Fool-Killer came into our community, and my neighbors all thought I needed it worse than anyone else. So after taking one dose I feel so much better I want a full treatment, for I am sure it will kill or cure. So here is a club of five and a money order for 75c to pay for same.

N. H. FERGUSON, Randleman, N. C.—I have met The Fool-Killer and I am still alive. It gives me pleasure to observe that you have scored the bull's-eye. In my opinion the man who makes people laugh is a real benefactor. You have certainly succeeded in this somewhat difficult but laudable enterprise. As a post-prandial remedy for the blues, The Fool-Killer stands without a peer. I wish you abundant success, and may you live as long as Peter Pekel and still feel young.

C. S. BUMGARNER, Wilkesboro, N. C.—I appreciate The Fool-Killer. Just keep on killing them. The fools are not all dead yet. "Snuff-Dipping Girls" was to the point. Your remedy, if applied early enough, would cure a great many diseases of the human family. You hit the target in the center on "Coca-Cola." "Men make clean the outside of the platter, but within they are full of wickedness." Sane people can see their inconsistency, but I like the way you magnify it and throw it on the screen so that all may see. "They Sang a Lie" is true. Say, Pearson, maybe you are the fellow to enter the Temple with whip in hand and cleanse it. May The Fool-Killer keep up its deadly work while the years roll on.

SCOTT HAITHCOX, Statesville, N. C.—I had a dose last night. I got a little bundle in the mail. It was in a little plain wrapper, and it looked like there wasn't much stuff about it. I tore it open and looked at it, and then took some of it, and the more I took the more I wanted. Boys, let me advise you, get one of the small packages. It helped me and I am sure it will help you. The name of it is The Fool-Killer, and it has helped old Statesville on the first go-round. It has knocked more than one fool to his right mind. It cuts to the mark—it don't stand off and chew the rag, not one minute. Yes, Mr. Editor, The Fool-Killer is more than good. I hope every fool will get a dose of it. If I can do or say anything that will help I am Johnny-on-the-spot.

E. ROSCOE HALL, Wilmington, N. C.—When I finished my morning's work I found a new Fool-Killer on my desk, and grasping it eagerly, I was soon on a trolley car bound for home. I stood on the rear platform reading your funny and witty sayings, and about the next thing I knew I was getting off the car six blocks past my destination. However, another car was coming from the opposite direction and I boarded it, not daring to glance at The Fool-Killer again till I had landed at the proper place. No paper like that one ever struck this wicked city, and I know lots of people who need it. It is certainly a most excellent remedy for the Blues and kindred ailments, and makes people laugh all over themselves.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

After making a long and careful study of the subject, it gives me great pleasure to print below a complete list of all the benefits which the country has derived from the great prize-fight at Reno, Nevada, on July 4th. Here is the list. Read it carefully:

The End.

Thunder and lightning, fellers! Why don't you send along that club? Club rates on first page.

PETER POORDEVIL'S PRAYER

Peter Poordevil went to church last Sunday. The preacher's text was, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." As soon as the sermon was over, Peter Poordevil rose up and said: "Let us pray."

When people are in church, the motion to pray is a privileged motion and is not subject to debate. So there was nothing to do but listen, and Peter prayed as follows:

"O Lord, I've got to pray or bust. I know the people here don't want to hear me pray, but I can't help it. The preacher's text has taken the muzzle off of my mouth. O Lord, I'm getting awful uneasy about this here earth of yours. Lord, I ain't right certain it's yours. That's what's a-bothering of me. I want to know if you still own any property here, and if so, where is it? I want to know if you ever come here on a visit any more? They told me you was here and helped to run the protracted meetin' last winter and did sich a grand and glorious work. But, O Lord, that work has all gone to pieces, and I'm afraid it wasn't yours. What I want to know is, do you guarantee your work not to rip, ravel or run down at the heel? If so, I know you wasn't here last winter. Sallie Perkins has done ravelled. Bill Jones is a-running down at the heel, and a whole lots of others is a-rippin'.

O Lord, I just want to tell you this because I know they are imposing on you in these here diggins. It makes me mad to see it. If there is any real, old-fashioned, blue-jeans Christianity here they never put it out where a feller can see it. O Lord, ain't that kind of Christianity gittin mighty scarce, and what are you going to do about it?

O Lord, if these people about here have got any religion, it has got so many flounces and ruffles, ribbons and tucks and gores that you wouldn't know it yourself if you should meet it in the road.

O Lord, one thing more and I'll quit. I want to know if it is Christ-like to make fun of people because they are poor and can't dress fine? Is it Christ-like to back-bite and run down folks in their absence and try to eat 'em up when you meet 'em? You never done that when you was here on earth, did you? Which is right, to go with the crowd or to be on the Lord's side?

Lord, you needn't answer this publicly here today, as it might break up the meetin', but if you feel like answering it in some way I wish you would. Amen.

Step-Step-Step.

"Suppose," said the mental speculator, putting down his book and lighting a fresh cigar, "suppose a child's father dies and its mother marries the second time. Then the child has a step father, and perhaps a step grandfather. Let us suppose, further, that the step grandfather dies or is divorced, and the step grandmother marries again. This gives the child a step-step grandfather, doesn't it? Then, we'll say, the child's mother dies and the step father weds again. Now the child has a step-step mother. By following this process of reasoning a few feet further we can equip that child with a step-step grand step mother and a step grand step-step step mother, and a step-step-step father and a step-step-step grand step father and a—"

It was at this point that the listener stepped away with a lively step-step-step, leaving the mental speculator still figuring out the problem of what relation the step uncle of the child's step-step grand step father would be to the adopted child of the step sister of the step-step grand step mother.

Works Both Ways.

A Yankee who had the reputation of being somewhat of a brag was travelling in England. They constantly called his attention to this and to that machine, and always asked, "Have you anything like that in America?" And he invariably replied, "Oh, it's old in America."

Finally, in despair, they made up a yarn. They told of a sausage machine. "You drive a live hog in at one end and it comes out cooked sausage at the other. Have you anything like that in America?"

"Oh, yes, it's old; and they have improved it," was the reply.

It was so very complete they did not think it possible to improve it, and they asked the Yank what the improvement was.

"Well," says he, "first you drive the hog in at one end, and it comes out baked sausage at the other. Then they improved it so that if you do not like the sausage you simply reverse the machine and out comes the hog again."

Now, boys, as a parting word I ask you to show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and get them to subscribe. The Fool-Killer will get better and better each month. In next issue there will be some juice that will pucker the devil's mouth to beat sixty.

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST, 1910. NO. 7.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why such homely girls
Are often blessed with lovely curls.

I wonder why all second wives
In luxury live all their lives.

I wonder why a kiss unsought
Tastes not so fetching as it ought.

I wonder why we never know
As much as we did years ago.

I wonder why the fattest man
Goes with the slimmest girl he can.

I wonder why our closest friend
Has never any cash to lend.

I wonder why a poor man's heirs
So often come along in pairs.

I wonder why a rich man's wife
Can't have a kid to save her life.

* * *

PETER POORDEVIL'S PRAYER.

Peter Poordevil led in prayer again last Sunday. He got down on his knees and lifted up his voice and prayed as follows:

"O Lord, here I come again. I guess you remember me. I'm the fellow who prayed here a month ago today. That prayer made some of these old gripe-gutted hypocrites as mad as the very old Scratch. A committee of them waited on me after meeting and told me to cut it out. They said you was awful busy having their mansions built and decorated, and that you didn't have time to listen to the prayers of such poor trash as me.

Lord, I don't believe a word of it. I have read your Book a good deal and I have never seen anything like that in it yet. They can't make me believe that you are a God of the rich and that you don't care a snap for such poor fellows as me. Lord, I sorter have an idea that you like us poor trash pretty well. If you don't, why in all creation did you make so many of us? In fact, it strikes me that you was looked upon as poor trash yourself when you was here among men. Ain't that about the size of it? The Jews and Romans thought you was just a crazy fool, and they hatched up a plan to get you out of the way. And I'll bet two-thirds of the members of this church would help to crucify you again if they had a chance. They use your name as a cloak to cover up their devilment, but they say your system of religion and morals was too strict for this present age. They like to have dances, card parties and church socials and call it religion. They judge a feller's religion by his clothes and the amount of money he can spend to keep up swell appearances.

Now, Lord, I want to ask if that's the kind of a church you established here on earth? I don't think it is; and I don't believe you are going to claim kin with such a church when the get-up bugle sounds.

Lord, I'm just a poor, ignorant cuss and maybe I don't know, but it looks to me like the church of today has got a long ways off from your teachings. If a man today should try to live as you lived and preach as you preached, I'll bet my old hat he'd land in prison or in the insane asylum before hell could scorch a feather.

O Lord, how much longer are you going to let this condition of affairs continue? I always thought your mission was to lift up the fallen and comfort the sad-hearted, but most of your pretended followers do just the opposite—they kick a feller when he's down and help them that don't need helping. They rob the poor and needy and give to them that already have more than they know what to do with. O Lord, such religion as that brings reproach upon your great and holy name, and if I was in your place I just wouldn't put up with it. I'd make my followers toe the mark a little better or I'd give 'em their time and tell 'em to highball.

Just one more request, O Lord, and then I'll hang up the receiver and ring off. If it takes riches and fine clothes and worldly honors to get a feller into Heaven, I want you to please send me some good scheme by which I can rake in a few millions. And if these things are not necessary, then what on earth are the brethren such fools over 'em for? Please answer at once. Amen.

A PERSONAL LETTER

Friends, this is no joke. There are times when I try to be funny, but I am not sawing on that string just now. I am in dead earnest, and I want every one of my readers to consider this a personal letter to them. I am writing to you who are already subscribers to The Fool-Killer, and I have something of importance to say. Listen! I have a secret to tell you. I am not letting the outside world know this, but only those who are already on my subscription list.

Now to the point: I need some help, and I need it bad. I have been begging you every month to get up clubs for The Fool-Killer and send them in, but you have not paid any attention to my appeals. I now have 650 of you on my list, and at least half of you ought to be sending in clubs every few days. But the terrible truth is that none of you are doing a thing to help me. During the past two or three months the subscription receipts through the mail have been practically nothing. Now, friends, if you enjoy reading The Fool-Killer, and if you think it is worth what you paid for it, then for the Lord's sake try to help me a little by sending in a few subscriptions now and then. I am a poor man, with a sick wife to support and care for, and I simply cannot keep the paper going if you don't help me. I don't want to let the paper die, and am not going to if I can possibly help it, but the way looks dark unless you people will come to my rescue.

If each of you 650 subscribers will do just a few minutes' work in the interest of the paper, the result will be wonderful. You can send in four or five hundred dollars in the next month and never miss the time. But it will mean a great deal to me. It will enable me to keep the paper going and make it better. Please, please, friends! I want to hear from EVERY ONE of you 650 subscribers at once! Send along a club of five or more if you can. If you can't send five, send one or two. If you can't send any, then write me a letter anyhow and give me a word of encouragement.

Let me call your careful attention to the article on fourth page entitled, "Editorial Heart-Throbs." I wrote that article with my very heart's blood, and I hope it will be the means, at least, of making us better acquainted with each other.

Now, friends, I thank you in advance for the help that I believe you are going to give me. Let me hear from every one of you. PLEASE, NOW!

CLUB RATES

In Clubs Of Five Or More, 15 Cents a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will send in five or more at one time the price will be only 15 cents a year. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

ON BEING A BACHELOR.

Well, boys, I am a bachelor once more. My better half is spending a few months for her health up in the Asheville country, the famous "Land of the Sky," in Western North Carolina. And I am holding down the lid in her absence. I have to stay here and keep the old home place company and get out The Fool-Killer all by myself.

If you fellows could all be here and watch me cook and keep house you would kill yourselves a-laughing. I am not exactly what you would call an expert cook, but after working at it a week or two I am now able to boil water without burning it. If you never tried making up wheat dough and baking biscuits you just ought to come and let me show you how it's done. I don't have any trouble getting the dough made up, but getting it loose from my hands and into the stove-pan is what bothers me. A few mornings ago I made up a nice bunch of dough—enough to do me all day, I thought—but after playing with it awhile I happened to notice that it was nearly all gone. I began to look for it, and found some of it between my fingers, but most of it had crawled up under my shirt-sleeves like it wanted to hide. I took a piece of stove-wood and scraped it off and finally got it subdued, but the kitchen floor looked like it had been raining flour and dough for a week.

I am pretty good at frying eggs, too. That is, I can break 'em all right, but sometimes I miss the frying pan and pour 'em in my shoes. I always scramble my eggs. In fact, I do nearly all my cooking by the scrambled system. I am such a successful scrambler that a green hand couldn't tell whether I had cooked eggs, potatoes, cabbage or pumpkin. All things look alike when I cook 'em, and they all taste pretty much alike.

I don't wash dishes until everything on the place gets dirty, and I put off sweeping the house as long as I can wade through the litter. I like dish-washing and sweeping so well that I want a good long job of it when I begin. When I am not busy cooking and eating I pass off the time by writing stuff like this for The Fool-Killer.

There are several sides to the question of being a bachelor, even for a little while. But, altogether, I suppose it is good for a man if he can stand it. It learns him how to appreciate a good wife.

* * *

Moravian Falls is the largest town of its size in North Carolina, but they didn't see it when they made the map.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Moravian Falls, North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

EDITORIAL.

Good-by, old Patterson.

See club rates on first page.

Give Old Man Peepul a chance.

Love is dead when the lips can tell it all.

Truth is too often cut up to patch a lie.

A gentleman may be merely a lazy man who has money.

More opinions are born in the stomach than in the head.

Riches have wings, but poverty hobbles around on crutches.

Too much riches breeds idleness, and idleness breeds decay.

Optimism is sometimes due to a shortage of experience.

No man has ever failed in business from lack of advice.

Use the knowledge you have, then go after more.

A whole lot of meanness can hide in a mighty small soul.

The life of an editor is rugged and full of knot-holes.

Many a man enjoys his pipe because his wife hates it.

Where there is a will there is always an heir.

Senator Gore seems to be a regular gore-getter.

The less power a man has the more he likes to use it.

Things always seem fairer when we look back at them.

It's mighty hard to be patient with the man who brags about his patience.

Genius can still find plenty of room at the top—but it is usually in the attic.

Men are seldom so hopelessly deaf that they can't hear money talk.

The frenzied financier uses the little suckers as bait to catch the big ones.

If you are the first to discover your own mistakes you may hide them.

God gave the earth to the people, and the people have given it to the plutocrats.

Wisdom is the art of not letting other people find out how little you know.

Do some missionary work—get your friends to subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

By the time Theodore gets ready to talk he will have a whole lot to say.

The slowest way to become a millionaire is to work for the money.

A long courtship is sometimes followed by a short session of matrimony.

Half the world does not care whether the other half lives or not.

The concentration of wealth has caused the downfall of every nation that ever permitted it.

Occasionally a man gets so discouraged that he feels like writing poetry.

The fellows who believe that whiskey is good for a cold are always trying to catch a cold.

A machine has been invented for laying brick, but eggs are still laid in the same old way.

People who go about stealing other people's time and fooling away their own, ought to be put in jail.

The world owes every man a living, but most of us have to work like thunder to collect the debt.

While the churches are quarreling and pulling hair over the creeds, the devil is feathering his nest.

Bill Bryan got a knock-out blow in his own state, but he is still busy bumping his belly against the banquet boards.

There is nothing so cheap as advice. I can give you a whole raft of it for 25 cents. Now is the time to subscribe.

It keeps the society doctors busy these days hunting up new diseases that the common people do not have.

I know some people who ought to hold their tongues awhile in order to give their thoughts a chance to catch up.

The average jury can always be depended on to convict the petty thief and clear the man who commits cold-blooded murder.

"Things are seldom what they seem; skimmed milk masquerades as cream," sang Gilbert and Sullivan long ago. It's the same way yet, only ten times worse.

Old man Taft has seen his best days. He could no more be elected president again than he could belt his waist with a lady's garter.

The Fool-Killer's circulation in Great Britain is now 1,000,000 copies per month, and the figures in Australia have grown to be something startling. I started out to make a paper for the whole world and am doing it. Have just sent out an agent to push the circulation in Egypt and shall look for the best results.

The report sent out by the Associated Press last week stating that The Fool-Killer was dead, is a mistake. It is alive every day in the week.

Success consists in hitting the goal of ambition so hard that it takes you the rest of your life to pick up the fragments of yourself.

A polecat broke up a Christian Science meeting, and the leader was unable to convince his followers that they only "imagined" they smelt something.

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it," said old Abe Lincoln. If Abe was here now he'd sing a different song.

If Christ should come to America and find children under ten working in mills and sweatshops, He would wonder why our missionaries go abroad.

If you have an enemy send him The Fool-Killer for a year. It will make him love you. Next time you meet him he will fall on your neck and shed tears of joy as big as horse-apples.

Two hundred thousand copies will be sold by the author who is able to weave the experiences of two hundred thousand people into one hundred and fifty pages and sell it for a dollar.

Randall Parish writ a novel called "My Lady of the North," and then the fool turned right around and writ one called "My Lady of the South." Seems about time for the Northern lady to get jealous.

The proprietor of a Northern hotel has applied for a patent on a rubber bean which he has invented. These beans will float around on the top of the soup as natural as life and can be used any number of times.

Some people say I am a humorist, but I prefer to put it another way. I am a journalist, gone into the paper jobbing business. I buy news stock for three cents a pound, squat my burning thoughts onto it and sell it for 25 cents a pound. Simple? Very! It's all in knowing how.

I have always contended that, while every man who drinks whiskey would not deliberately—and with malice aforethought—go to hell for a glass of grog, there are many who, if all the liquor were stored in that dread climate, would fool around the edges trying to get some of it until they fell in.

The Fool-Killer is the safety-valve of my mental machinery. It is an old-fashioned ash-can periodical into which I shall dump my ideas. I shall say what I think, provided I think I can lick the person I talk about, or otherwise if my remarks are complimentary and will earn me an invitation to eat.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

I taken sick one time, I did,
An' called in Doctor Smart;
He listened through his hearin'-tube
An' laid it to my heart.
"I will not keep you in the dark—
The honest truth is best;
You may live several weeks if you'll
Just lie around an' rest.
But, in the meantime, let me say,
You must take this three times a day."

I called another doctor then,
An' this was Doctor Wise;
"Your liver's out of fix," he said,
You need more exercise.
Get out and rough it on the farm,
An' dig an' lift an' sweat,
An' change your diet—eat the things
You haven't allers et.
You'll soon be dead if you don't obey,
An' take six doses of this a day."

I straightway called another man,
An' this was Doctor Quack;
He punched me in my tummy-tum
An' beat me on the back.
"Your kidneys are a wreck," he said,
"Your blood is mighty thin;
Your lungs are weak, an' I'm afraid
Consumption has set in.
Go South or West somewhere an' stay,
An' take twelve doses of this a day."

Perhaps they knew. I would not dare
Dispute a blessed word;
But I went on an' paid no heed
To all that I had heard.
I did not take the dope they gave,
Said "Bosh!" to their advice,
An' my own treatment of the case
Has worked out awful nice.
I'm well an' hearty now, you know.
The Doctors? They're dead long ago.

* * *

A REBEL PREACHER SKINNED.

I have been hearing sermons all my life. Have heard good ones, bad ones, and all other kinds. But I'll be civilly doggoned if I didn't add a new one to my list last Sunday.

I was in a neighboring town, and as the devotional hour arrived I strolled into the biggest church I could find; expecting to spend a rather dull hour listening to the baritone bellowings of a red-headed Bible-beater.

The preacher got up and stretched himself and gave a tug at his Adam's apple, and sailed in. First off, he kicked the old Bible under a bench and read the 10th chapter of the History of the Civil War. Then he took for his text the 24th verse of said chapter, which reads as follows:

"Verily I say unto you that Jesus Christ was a pretty smart fellow in his day, but he couldn't touch Bob Lee and Stonewall Jackson with a forty foot pole."

Then the great preacher spat on his hands and began to outline the plan of salvation as laid out by Bob Lee and Stonewall Jackson. They were the saviours of mankind and the only hope of a dying world. All that talk about Jesus was tommyrot—the important thing was to have faith in Lee and Jackson. If a man had toted a musket in the Reb army and had followed blindly where Bob Lee led, that was enough. His title to Heaven was as safe as a coon up an old hickory and the axe lost. All that remained to be done was to attend the next Confederate Veterans' Reunion at Wilkesboro and get a deed to the finest mansion in Heaven, with bath and toilet on every floor and Confederate headquarters in the cellar.

The preacher went on to tell in glowing language of how Bob Lee created the universe and of how Stonewall Jackson suffered for the sins of the world. It was all very bong-swong, and would have been pathetic if it hadn't been so funny.

The very idea of a preacher of the gospel getting up in the pulpit and shooting off such a volley of rebel rant! It was enough to make any decent congregation vomit. Such a line of gab might have done very well for a political speech down at the crossroads, but it was entirely out of place in the house of God. And even those of the congregation who were in sympathy with the spirit of rebeldom must have felt ashamed of themselves and their preacher.

I have no word to say against the Southern soldiers in the Civil War. Of course many of them were good men, and in following Lee and Jackson they doubtless thought they were doing right. The question of whether or not it really was right does not enter into this discussion. The point is that Lee and Jackson got the glory while the fool privates got the bullets. They were just like the poor common cusses of today who allow the captains of industry to lead them around by the nose. As industrial conditions are today, the money lords get the gold and the glory, while the poor devil gets a bent back and blistered hands, and poverty, sickness, death and an unmarked grave for himself and family.

Maybe there is a sort of reward for being a soldier—even a rebel soldier—if a man can get himself immortalized in the histories and preached about from the pulpits as Lee and Jackson and their kind have done. But the poor private who marched and fought and bit the dust, and was buried like a hog in a ditch, and whose name will never be known—where does he get even?

Whether, in war or in peace the big rascal is after the gold and the glory, and he knows how to use the common cuss as a cat's-paw to rake in the rewards. Tens of thousands must suffer and die and be forgotten in order that a favored few may wear the chaplet of fame and be worshipped in song and story.

This old world has gone raving becussed on the subject of soldier-worship, anyhow. Of all the professions in the world, I have the least respect for fighting. A blamed old bull can fight. Give me the man who can think, and feel, and win victories of peace. Shame on the preacher who will try to exalt the fighting Napoleon above the peaceful Christ!

* * *

See club rates on first page.

ANOTHER MILLIONAIRE MESS.

My stars alive, people! I would hate like blazes to be a millionaire and belong to the smart set and have to go all their galloping gaits from year to year.

There is a class of rotten rich people in this country whose only purpose in life seems to be to get married and then get divorced and marry again. Just that, and nothing more. And the oftener they can get married and divorced the higher they stand in "society."

The latest landslide of gilded gossip among the high-flyers is something about Frank Gould and his ex-wife, Helen Kelly Gould Thomas, and so forth. Mrs. Frank, it seems, got tired of Mr. Frank's company. Of course Frank is a fool, but Helen decided he was not just the kind of a fool she wanted to share her sheets with. So she trotted off to the divorce mill and got untied from Frank. There wasn't any more feeling or sentiment in it than there is in swapping horses. These things come in as a matter of course. They are down on the life-programs of such people and if they didn't come in on schedule time it would be a calamity.

The separation seems to have been agreeable all around, and so they got a divorce and got drunk to celebrate the happy event. In the divorce it was lovingly stated that the three Gould children should be the property of the parent who should abstain from further angling in the matrimonial mud-hole. If Helen remained unmarried the children were to be hers. If she hitched up again and Frank didn't, then they were to play on his side of the fence.

But Helen has found her second fool and Frank has found his, and they are both hitched up again. Now where do the Gould brats belong? Can you figure it out? Seems to me they don't lack much of being orphans.

If a complete history of the Gould generation was written it would certainly be a corker. It would be just a tabulated list of marriages and divorces; of dinners, drunks and debauches; of silk and sin and shame. Just a few years ago the world's gossiping tongue was set wagging on account of the connubial capers of Anna Gould and her no-account Count Boni Castellane, who had a shop-worn and frazzle-tailed title to swap for a bag of gold. Still more recently we had to wade up to our arm-pits in the river of gossip about the delightful divorce proceedings of Howard Gould and his dearly-beloved Katherine. And now Frank and Helen have played their little piece before the footlights. Marjorie, the famous beauty of the family, was married not long ago to several more millions and got a fellow named Drexel thrown in for good measure. The time is about up for Marjorie to put in her application for a divorce. The family reputation must be kept up at all costs.

And it isn't the Gould family alone. All that miserable multi-millionaire set are afflicted with the same awful disease. Before I would belong to such a set, I'd get me a brass bill and eat worms with the chickens.

* * *

BACON AND BOOZE.

Of all the far-fetched and infernal arguments that were ever hatched up by the bug-house brain of a blubbering booze-artist, here is one that caps the stack. The editor of a local paper, in adding his mite to the discussion of the high cost of living, drags in the startling statement that the prohibition law in North Carolina is responsible for the high cost of meat. Shades of Dad's old sow! What a clincher! Now we have it straight from the fountain-head of wisdom, and the question is settled. It must be a thrilling sensation to be smart like that.

Several years ago, when government distilleries were as thick throughout North Carolina as fleas on a yaller dog, it was the custom to fatten hogs on "still-slop." The stiller built a hog-lot adjoining his booze-factory and all the neighbors brought their hogs there to be fattened on the "slop" which ran into the lot through great nasty troughs. The farmers sold their corn to the stiller and took their pay in likker for themselves and "slop" for their hogs. And they thought they were getting a great bargain.

But now the stills have been driven out, and the rivers of still-slop have ceased to flow, and that is the reason the people can't raise hogs any more—because there is no still-slop to fatten 'em on.

Great argument! Profound reasoning! Of course no one ever thought of feeding corn to hogs. But why couldn't it be done? Why wouldn't a bushel of corn do a pig more good than just the slop that a bushel of corn would make? Do the four-legged hogs fare better on the dregs of the corn after the "drunk" has been extracted for the use of the human hogs? That seems to be the way our wise editor looks at it. But he is so infernal cross-eyed that if he should cry the tears would run down the back of his neck.

The prohibition law responsible for the high price of meat! Why, you might as well argue that the mud between a little nigger's toes is responsible for the changes of the moon.

* * *

Result of One Smile.

One smile makes a flirtation. One flirtation makes two acquainted. Two acquainted make one kiss. One kiss makes several more. Several kisses make an engagement. One engagement makes two fools. Two fools make one marriage. One marriage makes two mothers-in-law. Two mothers-in-law make a red hot time.

EDITORIAL HEART-THROBS.

This is the blame-takedest world I ever saw. Selfishness and doggishness and greed are the watchwords, and it's every man for himself and the devil for all. If the accident of birth places a man in possession of great wealth, and the power that goes with wealth, he gets the idea that he must use his power to crush others. And if a poor man happens to step into a fortune, nine times out of ten it makes a fool of him.

There is a spirit of brotherhood among poor people that is very commendable. They are willing to help each other along, but they are not able. And just in proportion as a man's ability to help increases, his willingness to help decreases. This deplorable fact is responsible for a great deal of the suffering of the world. It accounts for much of the class distinction and class hatred that prevails.

To show you how it works I will refer to a bit of my own experience. I am a poor boy and have had to make my own way in the world. I have some rich relatives, but their money places them in another class and they never notice me. They would rather give me a kick than a lift.

In early boyhood my life-calling began to make itself known. I developed a fondness for writing—especially poetical writing—and I felt instinctively that that was my life-work and that I would never succeed or be satisfied at anything else. At this critical point in my life all the people who should have given me a word of encouragement and a helping hand turned their backs on me and began to laugh and point the finger of scorn at me. I have been misunderstood and persecuted ever since.

And then the heavy hand of affliction was laid upon the only person in the world who ever understood or appreciated me. My dear, patient wife has suffered death a thousand times, and still livs. Much of the suffering might have been prevented if we had had money to get the proper treatment at the proper time. But we had no money, and the struggle was hard and bitter. I printed and bound a very neat little book of my poems, hoping its sale would help out the finances a little. But those who wear silk dresses and ride in automobiles are too poor to "throw away" fifty cents in the purchase of my book. Poor poverty-stricken creatures! How I pity them!

And so the struggle with poverty and sickness goes on. After long deliberation and many tears, my wife and I have broken the home ties—have severed the strong links of affection that bind husband and wife together—and she has gone away to a health-resort in the mountains. It is our hope that she may remain there until the bloom comes again into her pale cheeks. And, in the meantime, I must work, work, work, to supply the cold, hard cash.

Without any feeling of boastfulness I can say that I know the literary talents I possess OUGHT to support us in comfort and relieve me of the necessity of wearing my life away at a slave's job. The only reason it don't is because the world is selfish and cruel.

Seeing the trend of things, and feeling the injustice of it all, I have been moved to speak my mind. The Fool-Killer is my weapon, and if I don't make it hot for the Mammon-worshipers, then Joe is a Dutchman. If I can't get people to notice me when I offer them some real literature, I'll see if I can't wade in with my journalistic club and knock their infernal heads off.

Now, then, gentlemen, if you want a monthly message from old Pearson—something that is true as gospel and hot as blue blazes—now is the time to subscribe.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.

If our Uncle Samuel would deliberately elevate his No. 12 and bring it down real hard on the matrimonial agencies of this country it would be a great blessing. This seems to be the day of widespread "investigation" along all lines, and the rottenness that is being uncovered at every turn is enough to stampede the devil.

But there is one form of hellish graft that the investigators have overlooked, and that is the matrimonial agency. Many lesser evils are being dealt with, while the matrimonial shark goes on unmolested. And it is astounding to see how many of the big papers and magazines throw open their columns to the advertisements of these frauds. In nearly every paper you pick up you will find several ads that start out something like this:

"Marry—Wealth and Beauty."

"Marry Rich—Best Plan on Earth."

"Get Married—Only Reliable Way."

"Marriage Paper Free."

and so forth and so on. Lots of fool young men who have more curiosity than judgment will bite at these things, and here will come a great load of circulars and papers, with pictures of the wealthy and beautiful women who are just dying to hitch up with some fuzzy-faced country greenhorn. These women are never worth less than fifty thousand dollars, and from that up to a million or so.

Now it never seems to occur to the Easy Marks that a pretty woman with that much dough don't need to advertise for a man. She can get a dozen any day she wants them without going a mile from home. Hence it follows that the old hags who advertise themselves as wealthy and beautiful are just plain liars. Nine times out of ten they are snaggle-toothed and hatchet-faced, with front tushes that hang out over the dashboard. They get the photograph of some stage beauty and send it to the victim and he falls heels over head in love with it. Then they get up a glorious "case," and maybe the poor deluded victim will shut his eyes and take a leap in the dark. What then? When he comes to himself he will find that he is tangled up with an old worn-out strumpet whose countenance would stop a freight train and who hasn't a dollar to her name.

Such things are happening every day, and the government winks at it and the newspapers help it along. When in the name of common sense are we going to wake up and put a stop to such things?

I have just glanced over a copy of the famous "Grit," which boasts of being "America's greatest family newspaper," and in one column I found an even dozen of these shameful advertisements. Now the publishers of "Grit" most assuredly know that these ads are frauds and humbugs of the deepest dye. And yet for a few nasty dollars they will print the infernal things and get many of their simple-minded readers into trouble. The agency makes its money by selling the names and addresses of the hags to the lonesome and love-lorn Rube who dreams of marrying a queen of beauty with a fortune on the side. The dream is sweet, perhaps, but the awaking is cruel and sad.

Please understand that I am not writing from personal experience just now. I may be a fool but I have never been that kind of a fool. I married a girl whom I had known for years, and I didn't find her by answering a matrimonial ad, either.

Now let me make one suggestion and I will bring this preachment to a close. If a matrimonial agency is really needed in this country, I suggest that we establish a government agency and run it as we do the post office department. Let us have a Secretary of Matrimony, and let him look after the unfortunates who can't find a mate in their own neck of the woods. And then let the government stamp out all these wild-cat agencies that fatten on the folly of the sentimental fools.

THE LASH.

The Famous Rascal Whipper.

Nothing like it published in any language. Non-Political. It dehorns human doodlebugs from the pulpit to the penitentiary. It spanks the dictionary for not having rougher words to swat cussedness with. It cuts, shoots, and stamps rascality all at one blow. Published Monthly at 10 cents a year. Address, THE LASH, Moravian Falls, N. C.

"Castle Gates"

BY JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina

AMATEUR JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT

Edited by James Larkin Pearson.

To my surprise, I have been elected President of the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association. The work was done at Chattanooga on August 1st.

Now can you imagine how it feels to be a real president of a great organization covering 15 or 20 States? So much honor might spoil some men, but I think I can stand it.

I have been so busy since the election that I have hardly had time to take my bearings and get the machinery of the new administration in working order. The new board is made up as follows:

President:
James Larkin Pearson, of N. C.

First Vice-President:
Louis M. Starring, of Tenn.

Second Vice-President:
Wm. J. Morrison, of Tenn.

Official Editor:
Walter S. Goff, of Ga.

Corresponding Secretary:
Curtis H. Mullen, of Mo.

Recording Secretary:
Charles B. Way, of N. C.

Treasurer:
Charles Bumgarner, of N. C.

Executive Judges:
Wm. C. Headrick, of Tenn.
C. O. A. Kramer, of Mo.
Miss Maud Tuggle, of Ark.

1911 Convention Seat:
Burlington, N. C.

Announcement of committees, etc., will be made later. I want to say here that I desire the cooperation of all officers and members. I am a very busy man and cannot devote as much time to the cause as I would like to, but now that you have shown your confidence in me by electing me to the presidency of the Association, I shall do my utmost to make the year a success.

I had hoped to get out an issue of "Pearson's Pet" for August, but being unable to do so, I substitute this department in The Fool-Killer. In the September issue, and from then on, I will devote more space to this department, and will strive to make it represent the true interests of the cause.

◆

This is my regular month for lying about the circulation of the Fool-Killer. Its circulation has now reached the two billion mark, and to print it I had to set up 500 big presses in the open air. How I pity those Western newspaper liars!

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1910. NO. 8.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers! Do it now! Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever stop to notice
  In the battles you have won,
That the dub who hollers loudest
  Is the first galoot to run?

Did you ever stop to notice,
  When you're sizing up mankind,
That the guy who thinks he's wisest
  Hasn't hardly any mind?

Did you ever stop to notice
  That the loafer and the drone
Who knows how to run your business,
  Has no business of his own?

Did you ever stop to notice
  That the scamp who loves to tell
Vicious slanders on another
  Is himself as black as hell?

HOWDY, FOLKS, HOWDY.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, here I am again. I managed to live through that period of "bachelorhood" that I told you about last month, and now the other half of the firm is here with me again, ready to do the cooking whenever I can scare up something to cook.

When my wife read that article "On Being a Bachelor," in the August Fool-Killer, she grabbed her suitcase, hired a Pullman flying machine, and came flopping home at the rate of two miles a minute, expecting to find me stretched out on the floor indulging in all the artistic convulsions of a dying horse. She was afraid I had either perished to death or committed suicide by eating my own cooking.

But she was mistaken on both counts. When her flying-machine lit in the yard I was standing in the door with a dishrag in one hand and a newspaper in the other, and was dictating an editorial to the cat.

And now, friends, since my housekeeper and private secretary has come back to help me I am going to make The Fool-Killer better than ever. I will be fed better, of course, and I will also have more time to write the immortal hot truck to put in the paper. I am going to make it so doggon sizzling hot that the postmasters will have to handle it with tongs. And I want every one of my readers to take a keen personal interest in the success of the paper. Tell all your neighbors and friends about The Fool-Killer and read them a few chapters from it. They will all want it when they learn that there is such a paper.

I am going to stick to this proposition as long as there is life in my body, and I am going to succeed in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil. I believe I have at least one thousand good friends scattered throughout the United States who have been reading The Fool-Killer for the past several months, and I believe you people understand me better than my own neighbors. Dear unseen friends, I am trusting you to help me and believe you are going to do it. I made a special appeal last month and the response was very gratifying, but I want it to be still better this month. It will require only a few minutes of your time to get up a club of a dozen or so, and if every one of you will do that much it will make things hum at this end of the line.

Now, friends, I am going to look for a regular shower of letters. Get busy and send in a big club. Take a fine sight at some of those premiums I am offering and see if you can't bring them tumbling to your feet.

RETURNED WITH THANKS.

God sent a Poet and a Dreamer into the World.

The World put on its glasses and looked at the Poet and Dreamer and shook its head.

Then it picked up a golden pen and wrote:

"Dear Lord God: We thank Thee for submitting this Poet and Dreamer for our examination, but regret that he is not suited to our need. We therefore beg to return him to Thee with our kindest regards. Our refusal does not necessarily imply lack of merit. We are always in the market for Lawyers and Liars, Doctors and Dudes, Soldiers and Snobs, Financiers and Fools; but Poets and Dreamers are entirely out of our line.

(Signed) THE WORLD.

GO TO THE FAIR

Just about now the festive population is hunting up its glad rags counting out its small change and making other necessery arrangements for attending the Fair—the County Fair, the State Fair, and a dozen other kinds of Fairs. Everybody will go, and they will go to spend their money, and there is not a better place on earth to get subscriptions to The Fool-Killer than at the Fairs. Now, boys, if you want to have the most fun you ever had and at the same time earn some valuable premiums for yourself, you should send for a bundle of Fool-Killers and make tracks for the nearest fair. Just try it a pop.

WHAT I BELIEVE.

I believe in a God who knows his business, and a devil who is not as big a fool as some folks.

I believe the Bible is a great deal nearer right than the smart guys who assail and denounce it.

I believe God made the world, but the devil has been running it for a good many years.

I believe the so-called Church of God is so sound asleep that Gabriel will have a hard time waking it.

I believe the belly and the pocketbook call more preachers than God does.

I believe that if every church-member had a praying-machine, lots of them would forget to wind it.

I believe that cold water, hard work, fresh air and sunshine are the four best remedies known to man.

I believe marriages were originally manufactured in heaven, but since the patent ran out the devil has put lots of substitutes on the market.

I believe the man who isn't as virtuous as he expects his wife to be ought to be hung.

I believe when a girl is kicked out of society and her destroyer sent to Congress, there is something wrong with the "system."

I believe if no liars can go to heaven, then God and George Washington will have it all to themselves.

I believe if all hypocrites were dead, there wouldn't be enough people left to bury them.

I believe the world likes to knock a man down and stomp his innards out just for the luxury of crying at his funeral.

I believe, to sum it all up, that the world contains more fools and bigger fools today than ever before.

I believe, therefore, that The Fool-Killer is needed, and that it will "fill a long-felt want."

◆

If nothing serous happens to interfere with my plans, I am going to give you a double-geared Joe-darter of a Fool-Killer for October. I am planning to have an engraved heading made for the paper, which will be funny enough to make a blind horse climb a church steeple and sing, "I Feel Like I Look Like I Feel Like I Look."

LOOK OUT FOR BILL JIM.

His name was Bill Jim.

But they called him William James for short.

I guess I had better call him "Professor," also.

Well, then, Prof. Bill Jim was one of them Harvard fellers.

He was a brother of Henry Jim, an English liar of some note.

And Bill was some liar himself.

If he had ever been afflicted with the disease known as common sense, he had lived at Harvard so long that he had gotten entirely well of it.

He believed in spooks and spirits, hants and hobgoblins, and all that sort of stuff.

Prof. Bill Jim was a great hand to study spirits. He kept a cage full of familiar spirits in his room and studied them every day. He also kept some in a bottle. A liberal use of the bottled variety enabled him to see anything he was looking for in the spirit line.

It was one of Bill Jim's pet theories that the river of death could be crossed in both directions. He claimed that this world and the next were connected in some way and that if a man could go over he could certainly come back.

And so in the course of time Bill Jim promised his friends that when he died he was going to come back and tell them how it looked on the other side of Jordan.

Well, Bill Jim died the other day.

There is no mistake about it—he has certainly kicked the bucket, passed in his checks, and paddled his own canoe across the dark river.

And now his friends are wondering whether he will keep his promise. They are keeping their eyes and ears skinned for some sign of his return to this work-a-day world.

One fool fellow swears he has already got a wireless postcard from Bill Jim, and he is looking for a registered telepathogram in the next mail.

I don't know what train they are looking for Bill Jim to arrive on, but they are certain he is coming back. And they are going to kill a rooster, put the big pot in the little one, and have a feast of wisdom and a flow of soul at old Harvard once more.

In the meantime, if you see any spirit that looks like Bill Jim loafing around, just drop me card.

◆

Turn to that Premium List and read it. Then get a double-quick, stem-winding hustle on yourself.

◆

Some of my kind-hearted neighbors have been so thoughtful as to inform the rest of my kind-hearted neighbors that the first fool the Fool-Killer would kill would be the editor of The Fool-Killer. When fools get fooled and think they are wise they go to popping off a volley of lies.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Home is where the cat is.

Most women love dry goods, and most men love wet goods.

A man is broke when his clothes shine and his shoes don't.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver—and so does the Bureau of Charities.

Those who build air-castles need a flying-machine to get to them.

"Just because" may be a good cause, but it's a mighty poor reason.

The Big Noise is making the dry bones rattle out West.

They say poets are born. So are flies, fleas, cockroaches and bedbugs.

Why did the salt-shaker? Because it saw the spoon-holder.

If there were only three women in the world, two of them would get together and talk about the other one.

Procrastination is the thief of time. So don't put off subscribing for The Fool-Killer.

A woman is like a gold mine—you never know her real worth. But many a poor devil has gone broke prospecting.

The rich man has his ice in the summer time, but the poor man gets his in the winter, and so what is the difference?

When The Fool-Killer gets after a fool it makes him think there are a thousand yellow jackets in the bosom of his pants.

Have you read about the premiums I am offering to club raisers? They are greatest bargains you ever saw. Get busy and win some of them.

With lovers in the parlor
  This program is the rule:
The maiden plays the piano,
  And the young man plays the fool.

You take a girl about fifteen years old—she cries and cries for long dresses. And when she gets them she goes around holding them up. Girls are awful funny things.

If a man owes you it sticks in your mind like a tramp preacher to a rich widder's paw; but if you owe a man it slips out of your memory like a young eel with a fish-hawk after it.

When you hear a fellow bragging about how brave he is, and how he would cut and shoot, he usually means that he would cut home and shoot under the bed.

If there was a law to make women wear those horrible, hobble-footed, draw-string devil-catchers, they wouldn't submit to it to save all of us from the hot place. You know it's a fact.

I would rather be a poor blind nigger and have to sell shoestrings for a living than to be a pot-gutted parody on God's masterpiece and have only charred embers where my conscience ought to be.

It gives me a severe pain across the little end of my misery to see how some of the big, boastful editors have worn all the hair off their tails and then busted the crupper holding back to see what Roosevelt was going to say.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF ANANIAS.

Ananias was the first man. He lived in a garden, but one day he fell out of an apple tree and killed his brother, and then he ran away to a distant country and built the Tower of Babel. One day Samuel Gompers came along and organized the Free Masons and ordered the hands to go on a strike. After that Ananias employed non-union labor and built the Ark, and it rained fire and brimstone for forty days and Sodom and Gomorrah were turned into a pillar of salt.

After many years of wandering in the wilderness, Ananias took his son Isaac up into a high mountain and hid him in the bullrushes that grew on the banks of the ocean. Then Ananias put on a coat of many colors and went down into Egypt and ran for Governor on the Republocrat ticket and was elected by a large majority. Then he organized a trust and bought up all the corn in Egypt, and there was a great famine, but Ananias and his family lived high. One night while they were feasting they saw the handwriting on the wall, and Ananias was cast into the firey furnace, but an angel came and shut the lion's mouth and Ananias came up straightway out of the whale's belly.

About this time Ananias fell in love with Abraham's daughter, and because the old man wouldn't let him hang around there he picked up the house with the girl in it and carried them away to the next town. There the Philistines tried to steal the girl away from him and he slew about steen thousand of them with the jaw-bone of a mule's father. Ananias's first marriage was such a success that he joined the Mormons and kept on marrying until he had three hundred wives. Ananias was known as the wisest man in the world and he built a great temple, but he was terribly afflicted with boils and his wives begged him to curse God and die. But instead of doing that he went and washed his boils in the pool of Siloam and was soon able to fiddle while Rome burned.

About this time there was a great demand for America to be discovered, and so Ananias fitted up three small vessels and crossed the Delaware on the ice. Then after cutting down a cherry tree and writing the Declaration of Independence, he sank the battleship Maine on Bunker Hill. Just now he is president of the Ananias Club and the livest news item of the day.

Recently one of the very smart young men of Moravian Falls bought a pair of overalls and found in them the name of the sewing girl who made them. He very promptly wrote her a letter with all the effusiveness necessary in such a case, and in due time received a reply, which, however, was void of romance usual in such cases. Here is the girl's reply: "I am a working girl, it is true, but I make a good living and do not care to support a husband, as I would have to do if I married some silly noodle who gets mashed on a girl he never saw. Permit me to say that I do not know how my card got in that pair of overalls, and that when I do marry, if ever, it will be some fellow who can afford something better than a 47-cent pair of breeches."

HELLO, AMATEUR WRITERS!

Look-ee here, you amateur writers, I have a request to make. I want some of you funny fellows to help me edit The Fool-Killer. I know some of you are capable of writing funny stuff when you try, and I want you to put the band on your funny wheel and start up.

You have seen The Fool-Killer and you know something of its style and what it stands for. Its aim is to take up all kinds of wild-eyed fools that are seen going about loose and just literally wipe up the earth with 'em. I don't propose to scatter my ammunition by commenting on everything in general, but only those things that need skinning alive. I propose to apply the red-hot branding-iron of truth to every old fake and fraud, humbug and hyprocrite that comes along. And I want to do all this in a tone of voice that will tickle a cow or make a brass Indian have a duck-fit.

In politics The Fool-Killer is as independent as a nigger at a corn-shucking. In religion it stands for the old-fashioned faith in the old-fashioned Bible, and against all this "higher criticism" tomfoolery.

Now, friends, if you can write something that will answer the requirements—something that will be hot as fire and funny as a box of monkeys—I hereby extend you a cordial invitation to become a contributer to The Fool-Killer. I will continue to write some of the stuff, but am willing to divide space with others. Come on, you funny fellows of the amateur world! Put a bushel of soap-grease in your mental pot, boil it down to half a pint and send it along.

Scientists tell us that flies carry germs on their feet. Why don't they pass a law compelling flies to wear overshoes and leave them on the porch when they come in?

We American hypocrites send ship loads of Bibles to the heathen Chinese, and they make them into firecrackers and send them back for us to celebrate the birth of Christ with.

Say, you wimmen folks—if you want to go off on a pleasure trip and have nothing to wear, go to Coney Island. The ladies who go there don't wear anything but talcum powder and a smile.

Doggon it, how do you know that you know anything? If some old fuzzy-faced fogy with inverted rainbows under his eyes comes and crows on your doorstep till the sun goes down—how much more will you know when the returns come in?

Up North, in that miserable mess they call "society," the sapheaded young shemales are not allowed to rang-tang among the swell set until a certain age, when they must have their "coming out spell." The term "coming out" is supposed to mean that they are coming out into society, but those who have seen it say it looks more like they are coming out of their clothes.

I thought the Pope of Rome would be as mad as a wet hen because I have given him so many hard skinnings, but the old rascal didn't do a thing but get up a club of 50 subs to The Fool-Killer and sent them in last week.

AN ESSAY ON HENS.

It is my purpose in the course of this essay to set down a few of my personal observations on the subject of "Hens" for the benefit of unborn generations. I have had exceptional opportunities for studying the habits and customs of hens, and I have often been visibly affected by the alarming scarcity of literature bearing upon this important subject.

The hen is a wonderful bird, and I have always thought she deserved more attention from the outside world than she gets. I have felt a deep-seated interest in the hen for a good many years,and I have done all in my power to start a wave of popular sympathy in her favor; but for a long time it seemed that my gray hairs would have to go down in sorrow to the grave without tasting the fruits of my labors. Many times I have stood with tears in my eyes and great lumps of undigested agony in my breast and watched the world go dashing on in its mad career, all unmindful of the faithful hen. I have heard the smart wags of the country turn out various and sundry rough jokes at the expense of the hen, while she stood afar off with her face buried in her handkerchief, weeping one great sorrowful wope right after another.

The hen is very chicken-hearted and cannot bear to be snubbed. A snubbed hen is a very pitiful sight. The hen does not possess such a brilliant and side-splitting sense of humor as your humble servant happens to be the proprietor of, and for that reason she cannot take a joke. Then hen takes life very seriously, as a general rule. I have been personally acquainted with a great many different hens in my time, and almost without an exception they have gone through life with a sad and melancholy expression on their faces. The hen never laughs except on certain occasions, but when she thinks the occasion demands it she throws off her henly dignity and goes into it heart and soul. Whenever she becomes the mother of a new egg she most always climbs onto the fence and devotes several minutes to laughter. On these occasions her face expands into a very respectable smile, and the ripple of her musical laughter goes echoing out across the adjoining plantations in a manner that is altogether satisfying. But with the exception of these ovations which the hen gives to her new-born eggs, she is very meek and lowly in heart.

The infant hen is called a biddy, and when she reaches her early henhood she is sometimes called a pullet. When a young hen becomes the author of her first new and original egg she throws aside all her maidenly reserve and abandons herself to a season of unalloyed enjoyment. She thinks there was never anything to equal her performance, and the novelty of the situation appeals to her with such force that she has to cackle right out. The greatest day of a hen's life is the day she lays her first egg. She may go on laying eggs for years and years, but her bosom will never again heave with so much unmingled joy as it hove with on that occasion.

After the novelty of the thing wears off, the young hen will usually go on laying eggs for a few weeks in a very quiet sort of manner, and then she will take a notion all at once that she would like to get out a new edition of little henlets, and when she takes that notion there isn't any use to argue with her. She won't listen to argument. She will turn her head to one side and walk off talking to herself in a subdued and absent-minded tone of voice. She will take long walks about the plantation all alone, and will look suspiciously at every person she meets. Presently she will entirely disappear and remain in that condition for quite a long time. And the next thing you know she will walk up into the barn-yard some fine morning with ten or fifteen little henlets trotting at her heels. By this time she has assumed a very motherly attitude and goes about scratching worms for her baby hens to fight over.

I can understand the hen very well until she takes a notion to set, but after that I am not able to cope with the deep mysteries of her nature. All I can do is to take off my hat, bow my head reverently, and walk away.

For several thousand years we depended entirely upon the setting hen to multiply and replenish the earth with chickens, but we are somewhat more independent of the huffy old dame in these latter days if mechanical ingenuity and ready-made majorities. Several years ago one of these inventor fellows turned his attention to henology, and before the rest of us learned what he was up to, lo and behold, he had turned out a big wooden hen that could do the work of a dozen feathered hens. All you have to do is to pour a bushel of eggs into a hopper and start the machine and it will grind out hundreds of little infant hens while you wait—if you care to wait long enough.

The discovery of the incubator, or mechanical hen, marks a great step forward in the culture of the hen. The faithful old setting hen, who has worked hard all her life to supply the market with spring chickens, can now retire to a reserved seat in the first balcony of the hen-house and spend the remainder of her life in comparative ease knowing that the work which she began will be pushed to a successful climax by the aid of these new labor-saving machines.

I have just one more suggestion to make along this line. I rise as one man to suggest that all setting hen who have worn themselves out in the service of the poultry market, and who are now removed to give room for more improved machinery, be placed on the pay roll of the retired list.

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A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

Here is a knot of the knottiest knots that were ever knotted in the name of a knot, and I'm going to print it whether or not.

Not knowing the number of knots, it will not be unwise to count the knots, or else, as apt as not, we shall not know the number of knots when we get done with this knotty bundle of knots.

First, there is the nautical knot; for do you not know that a ship sails so many knots whether the wind blows or not; and I want to know if a nautical knot is the same knotty sort of a knot as the old-fashioned pine knot? And if not, why not? And that's knot number one.

And then there is the pine-knot. And who has not, as apt as not, set up by the light of a knot and worked out many a knotty mathematical knot? And was not the pine knot a great blessing when lamps were not? And if not, why not? And that's knot number two.

And then there's the love knot. And who has not, whether in love or not, tied many a love knot in the name of love that dies not? And did not the love-knot come in handy when speech was not? And that's knot number three.

And next comes the top-knot which hens and women forget not, and which most men admire not. Is the top-not a pretty knot? I answer, certainly not. And if not, why not? And that's knot number four.

Right here I have struck a knot and can't get any further with this knotty collection of knots. But this is enough knots, is it not? And if not, why not? And that's knot number five.

◆

16 AND 40.

This world is full of mysteries. In jolting around through the world we have bumped up against things that we couldn't understand. And there are other problems that we can't approach close enough to bump up against, much less solve them. We have often strayed our optics on matrimonial misfits that would have puzzled all the Wise Men of the East and caused the philosophers of Greece to commit suicide.

We can understand why pumpkin vines don't lay goose eggs, and why a black-snake can't straddle a log, and a thousand other questions of less magnitude. But when it comes to shaving our puny intelligence down to a fine point and figure out the reason why a sweet-faced, bright-eyed, intelligent feminine fairy of sweet sixteen will consent to marry an old hunch-backed, crimson-nosed, swaggering swill-tub with a breath like a buzzard and a record like a convict—one who for forty long, lingering summers has prowled about in the vineyard of human nature—then we just hold our breath, swap ends with ourself and scream out: "Take us, tied, tangled and tumfoozled.—Laws' Lash, Moravian Falls, N. C.

◆

All people who are not fools will subscribe for The Fool-Killer as soon as they see a copy. Put yourself on the wise side by coming across with the price. Fork it over, boys, and enjoy the fun.

THE LASH.

The Famous Rascal Whipper.

Nothing like it published in any language. Non-Political. It dehorns human doodle-bugs from the pulpit to the penitentiary. It spanks the dictionary for not having rougher words to swat cussedness with. It cuts, shoots, and stamps rascality all at one blow. Published Monthly at 10 cents a year. Address, THE LASH Moravian Falls, N. C.

Names Wanted.

Send us 30 cents and the names and addresses of 30 of your friends who can read and write. And we will mail you for your trouble, a genuine high grade Masterman fountain pen together with a filler fitted in a neat pocket case. This pen would cost $2.00 at any retail store. Adress,

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY,
Box 9, Moravian Falls, N. C.

Premium List.

Here is a list of valuable Premiums which I am giving for subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. All these articles are good value and guaranteed to be exactly as represented. Just a few minutes of your time devoted to getting up clubs for The Fool-Killer will earn you one or more of these nice Premiums. The name, "Fool-Killer" is so odd and unusual that it attracts attention wherever it is shown, and people are eager to subscribe out of mere curiosity. Then when they read one copy they always want more. Send for a bundle of sample copies and go to work for some of these Premiums:

$10. GOLD WATCH.

For a club of Seventy-Five (75) yearly subscriptions to The Fool-Killer at Fifteen Cents each I will give free a fine Ten Dollar Gold Watch, either ladies' or gents' size. This watch is a guaranteed Premier Hunting Case and highly jeweled movement. No better watch to be had at any price.

15 JEWEL HAMLIN WATCH.

For a club of Fifty (50) yearly subscribers to The Fool-Killer at Fifteen Cents each I will give free a John P. Hamlin 15 jeweled watch which stands the test with the best as a time keeper. This is a watch that needs no recommendation.

GOLD FILLED WATCH CHAIN.

For a club of Twenty-five (25) yearly subscribers to The Fool-Killer at Fifteen Cents each I will give free a fine gold-filled Watch Chain, medium weight, open curb, soldered links. This is a beautiful chain and absolutely guaranteed to give satisfaction.

A $2.00 FOUNTAIN PEN.

For a club of Ten yearly subscribers to The Fool-Killer at Fifteen Cents each I will give free a $2.00 Rightwell Fountian Pen. It has heavy black hard rubber holder, fancy embossed barrel, screw nozzle. Pen and filler packed in a neat box.

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

THE LIFE OF NAOMI WISE.

A true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis. The scene is laid in Randolph County, North Carolina, about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid to every one sending us a quarter for 4 months' subscription to our big weekly paper—the paper that's different.

THE SATURDAY NEWS,
Dobson, N. C.

"Castle Gates"

BY JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book, I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

Amateur Journalism Department

Conducted by James Larkin Pearson

THE SOUTHERN BUNDLE.

It was my intention to start the Southern Bundle in August, but no papers showed up, hence there was no Bundle to mail out. I shall try it again in September. This change will advance all bundles one month —September, November, January, March, May and July.

Why the members of the Southern do not come together and help make this bundle a success has always been a mystery to me. It is far the cheapest way to mail an amateur paper. To make the bundle a success and self-sustaining there should be six patrons for each Bundle at fifty cents each. It costs about $3.50 to mail out the Bundle whether there are two or six patrons. You can readily see what I am up against if only two patrons show up. I must pay $2.50 out of my own pocket to mail out these two papers, or else hold them over for the next Bundle. If I hold them, then there is a howl.

Some think I should perform all the labor and then furnish the money to mail out the Bundle. No one would be more willing to do this than I, but I have not the means, and it is an imposibility for me to mail out these Bundles unless I have the hearty co-operation of the whole membership.

It seems to me that there should be a dozen members in the Southern who would be glad to keep the Bundle moving promptly once each two months. It costs but little to send out a small bi-monthly paper, and if each one would plan to come together in each Bundle we could do much for the cause in this section, and the Southern would continue to be the most active club in the A. J. world. I often receive letters asking what is the matter with the Bundle. Why don't you mail out the Bundle? Comrade, stop writing such stuff and ask yourself this question— "What have I done to make the bundle possible?" Remember, I will mail the Bundle just as often as you make it possible for me to do so. No use to write me about it. All I ask is the filling and the means and I will attend to the elbow-grease. Shall we keep up the Bundle, and thus keep our place in the A. J. world? Comrades, what shall the answer be?

I wish to mention one more thing before I close. Often patrons send me 150 copies, and seldom more than 250 copies of their papers, and ask me to mail a copy to each member of the Southern, National, United and A. P. U. Now I cannot do this with 150 or 200 copies at my disposal. If each Bundle has six patrons I can mail 300 copies for fifty cents, but no more, and I can mail 300 for the same price that I would have to have for mailing 200 copies, provided I had $3.00 for each Bundle. When I mail out the Bundle, I mail to as many of the active members as I can reach in the different clubs. I am no respecter of associations. Patrons will find this method to their interest, for it puts them in close touch with the whole A. J. world. When a patron wishes his paper mailed to every member of any one association, he must pay for it.

Now, comrades, I have tried to serve you faithfully and impartially. I feel that I have a right to expect your cordial support. Let each one determine to make six Bundles possible for the Southern this year. Begin with September and stay in to the finish—until next July.

Fraternally yours,
LOUIS M. STARRING.
Grand View, Tenn.

GET BUSY.

Wake up, you Southern amateurs, and get busy. You have elected me as your President, and I am going to do my level best to make things hum this year. But I cannot do much with out your support and co-operation. As I have before stated, I am working under very great difficulties, and cannot hope to do half as much as I would like to do. So, friends, don't depend on me to do it all, but get busy yourselves and let the voice of the amateur journalists be heard in the land. This department, which will appear each month will be in the nature of an unofficial message from the President of the S. A. J. A. I want to use this space to spur up the members to greater activity along the lines of writing, printing, recruiting, and so on. I am anxious to see the Laureate honors more eagerly sought after than has been the case in recent years.

Starring is giving us a talk this month on the Southern Bundle, and I hope every member of the Southern will read his remarks—and heed them. You surely cannot ignore such an appeal as Starring makes for the support of the Bundle. There ought to be at least a dozen papers ready each mailing time, and yet it is like pulling eye-teeth to get six. Think it over, boys. Consider the great advantages of the Bundle, and write Starring that you will be with him every pop. I will try my best to reach the Bundle, and if I fail, that is no excuse for you to fail, too.

The eyes of the whole A. J. world are on the South today, and they are expecting great things of us. We must not fail. Writing and publishing papers is the main test of activity, and if those now in the ranks will see to that, then new members will come in without much begging. Get busy! Remember that the pleasure and benefit you get out of amateur journalism must depend altogether on the effort you put into it.

ACTIVITY COMMITTEE.

I have appointed the following Activity Committee to look after general activity, recruting, contributing, publishing, correspondence, fraternalism and enthusiasm throughout the South: William T. Way, Chairman, Maude Tuggle, Julian T. Baber, W. C. Headrick, Lenora Sheppard and Ezra D. Sargent. I urge each member of this committee to take an active part in the work and strive by every means possible to increase both membership and activity in the Southern. Editors should send the committee extra papers to be used in recruit work. Don't forget.

CRITIC COMMITTEE.

I have re-appointed the Critic Committee of last year to give short, timely criticisms on the work of our Southern writers, the same to be published in the official organ: Hyman Blumberg, Chairman, Ella Merritt and Sallie T. Parish. This committee gave general satisfaction last year, and I am presuming upon their good nature to ask them to serve again.

I wish I could keep up a regular correspondence with each and every member of the Southern, and with all possible recruits, but under present conditions such a thing is out of the question. I must depend on the other officers for much of the work of the administration. Let us all pull together to the utmost of our ability and the year will be a success.

SOUTHERN AMATEUR NOTES.

I am in receipt of The Record, a C. M. A. paper edited by Flavius E. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Sargent have returned from a trip to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and other points.

For one time the Southern has captured the National Presidency. And President Suhre is suhre to make a good executive.

Herbert P. McGinnis and Hoadly Maddox are editing the St. Albans Sentinel, at St. Albans, W. Va. It is an interesting local paper.

E. Roscoe Hall writes me that he has been having trouble with his eyes. I hope his next letter will tell me that the worst is over and that his eyes are all right again.

I have just received The Surrey Amateur, publishesd by A. Sidney Hickox, 17 Hill Rise, Richmond, Surrey, England. The cause is beginning to flourish in England once more.

The North Carolinian, for July, published by Way and Stafford, is one of the best Southern papers that has appeared in a long time. Give us more Ways and Staffords in the Southern.

The S. A. J. A. convention at Chattanooga was very poorly attended, but those present report a good time. Go to planning right now for the Burlington meet and let's determine to make it a success.

Misses Pearl and Ella Merritt have been making a sojourn in England this summer. I received their proxy ballots from London. I hope they will soon be back home to help keep the Southern on a boom.

Mr. Landon Covington Bell, 198 Merrimon Ave., Asheville, N. C., has just joined the Southern. Mr. Bell is a rising young lawyer and a very charming writer. Southern amateurs, write to Mr. Bell and give him the glad hand of welcome into our ranks.

IDIOTORIALS.

Congress has authorized two more battle-ships. So you see the universal peace movement is progressing right along.

The Fool-Killer is not a novelty, neither is it a joke. I believe in the ability of mind to overcome matter, and have set my brain, brawn and energy toward making the most unique, the most original and the most eagerly read publication in the United States.

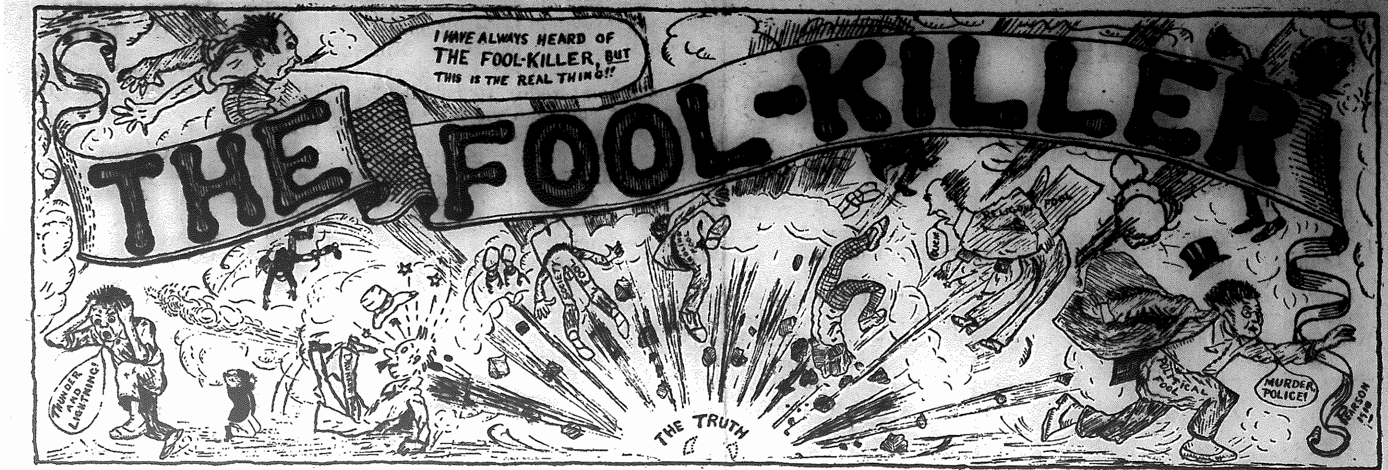
I had forgotten to lie about my editorial staff, and hasten to make good at once. It consists of 2,000 editors and reporters, and not one of them gets less than $100 a month. By sending in your advertisement a year ahead you are sure of an insertion.

The Fool-Killer is a strange paper, and I intend that it shall be. It's like this: Certain things fall within my particular field of vision which would certainly blow me up if I couldn't have my little say about them. And so I had to start this journal of fearlessness, which is published to quiet my nerves.

When old Farmer Corntossel sends his big, awkward, raw-boned boy off to Knowitall University, he is supposed to go there for the purpose of getting the hayseed curried out of his mane and to have his little warty intellect sandpapered and varnished. But instead of that they take up two-thirds of the time teaching him how to kick a football or a cow over the moon, and a lot of other physical culture stuff that he could learn just as well on the farm. Verily, these colleges are humbugs, anyhow.

Some say success belongs to those born to their work. Let us follow their logic: Behold the poets, born and not made! Burr-rr-r-r-rr! Wait a moment! Remember, brethren, even whether a man is born a poet must depend on environment. If necessity obliges the youthful Shakespeare to be water boy on a railroad construction gang, his poetry will soon get buried with the ties. Much depends on our surroundings. The world never hears because we lack the ability to put feelings into words which will awaken similar feelings in the reader. Fame is only for him with the ability to transmit his thoughts for others who are in the same mood as when he wrote. No man can appreciate a love story who has not loved.

For ten days each month, next following The Fool-Killer's appearance in public, I live in agonizing suspense and mortal fear of being ruthlessly dragged from my sanctified sanctum and pummelled into a pumice or peremptorily placed in prison by some irate victims of my literary larruping-machine. But regardless of the danger I go right on pouring the melted language down the throats of the rascals and hypocrites. Now is the time to subscribe.



VOL. I. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER, 1910. NO. 9.

BACK TO THE FARM.

Back to the farm, is the cry we hear
Bubbling up from a thousand throats;
Back to the old home place so dear—
Back to the chickens and calves and shoats.

Back to the farm, is what they say,
Over and oft with tongue and pen—
Back where the smell of the new-mown hay
Blends with the cluck of the setting hen.

Back to the farm, is the lawyer's plea—
Dig your bread from the friendly soil;
Then he goes North and takes his fee,
In a city court, from Standard Oil.

Back to the farm, the doctor cries—
Health is hidden among the hills;
And then to the town he quickly flies
And opens a joint for drugs and pills.

Back to the farm, says Preacher Brown,
There is joy and length of days;
But he never refuses a call to town
Whenever his salary wants a raise.

Back to the farm, where Nature rules—
And I will admit that the farm is nice;
But why in the thunder don't these fools
Come over and take their own advice?

DRESSED UP SOME.

Well, folkses, I have just made The Fool-Killer a present of a new head. Look at the top of this page and see how you like it. I got tired of seeing this little missionary go out into the wicked world wearing such a plain, every-day sort of head. And so I seated myself with pen in hand and proceeded to create an appropriate head-piece after my own artistic design. I have tried to convey to the reader's mind, through the medium of this beautifully illustrated head-piece, some idea of how The Fool-Killer aims to shake up the devil and his angels.

Look at the picture and observe how the bomb of Truth has exploded in their midst, and how they are being blown seventeen ways for Sunday. It is lifting their claw-hammer coat-tails and causing them to turn double somersaults in every direction.

I have always had a habit of making whatever I wanted with my own hands, and when I wanted a designed head for The Fool-Killer I didn't go and employ a high-priced artist to draw it for me. No sir! I simply sat down with my pen and ink and drew it myself. The lettering and the pictures are all my own, and while it shows plainly that it is a home-made job, perhaps it will be of more interest to my readers for that very reason. I didn't want it to look too "store-made," nohow.

So when you show this paper to your friends, call their attention to the signature of the artist in the lower right hand corner—tell them that the fellow who writes the "juice" for The Fool-Killer also draws the pictures when they are needed.

The Fool-Killer is right proud of its new fall hat, and, like most other folks when they get on something new, it feels considerably "dressed up."

KEEP YOUR GUN LOADED.

Bust your infernal gall-bag yelling "Peace! Peace!" but keep your gun loaded.

Yes, that's the dinktum!

That's the way this high-stepping, hell-bent generation looks at it.

Send a great gang of howling Hobsons to Congress and let them rip, rant and raise general hell trying to double the appropriations for battleships and other death-dealing devilment. Pay these fellows fat salaries for doing this, and pat them on the back and say, "Go it, boys! Give us war! Feed us on blood and thunder! Spend our money for guns and battleships and let us kill and be killed! Great business! Bully fun! Hurrah for war!"

And then spin right around on your heel and announce the opening of an International Peace Congress at The Hague, or some place else, and appoint a delegation of long-coated legal lights to go there and pound the air into fine dust pleading for peace and disarmament. The Czar of Russia was the daddy of the first peace congress, but when the second meeting came around old Czar Nick was engaged in war with Japan and was too busy to attend the peace meeting. And such is life. While your peace congress is over there whooping it up for peace, your war congress is over here tearing its shirt for war. One raises money for a peace palace and the other digs up the dough for a few more Dreadnaughts, and it's nip and tuck to see which can talk the biggest, spend the most money and get the least done.

And the flying-machine! Bless your blooming soul, the first thing after learning to fly a little they began to speculate about how useful the thing would be in war. If the airship can't be used to commit wholesale murder in the name of war it must be pronounced a failure. That's what they would have us believe. It's a great bloody calamity when one lone daredevil gets his headlight telescoped in trying to do the turkey-buzzard stunt across the eternal Alps, but if the thing can be used to swipe out whole armies or cities in the twinkle of a sheep's tail—that will be the stuff, Roxie.

In that beautiful and wicked city of Washington we have a great Peace Palace standing right dab in the shadow of a still greater War Palace, and the flutter of the Dove's wings is drowned in the rattle of the guns.

Wave an olive branch and yell "Peace!" till the rafters of heaven ring, but keep your gun loaded!

PROVERBS REVISED.

1 The proverbs of Pearson, the editor of The Fool-Killer.

2 My son, hear the instructions of this paper, and forsake not the advice of its editor.

3 The editor by wisdom hath founded The Fool-Killer, and by understanding hath built up its circulation.

4 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the reading of The Fool-Killer is funny.

5 A wise man readeth and handeth to his neighbor, and a man of understanding getteth up a big club.

6 Happy is the man that sendeth in a club of ten, for he shall get a fountain pen or a good pocket-knife.

7 A foolish son is a heaviness to his father, but my premium razor is a dandy.

8 Honor me with a club of seventy-five, and thy pocket shall be filled with a gold watch and a new fob shall adorn thee.

9 This watch is more precious than rubies, and all the watches thou canst desire are not to be compared unto it.

10 A club of subscribers is the principal thing: therefore get up a club and with all thy getting, get a premium.

11 Blessed is the man that sayeth unto his neighbor, "Look here! This is a good paper. Don't you want to subscribe?"

12 And why wilt thou be cheated by a strange paper, and pay thy money to a stranger?

13 Say not to the club-raiser, "Go, and come again tomorrow, and I will subscribe," when thou hast fifteen cents in thy pocket.

14 A funny paper maketh a glad subscriber, but a foolish paper is a heaviness to the reader.

15 The fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold, but The Fool-Killer killeth the fools.

16 As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is The Fool-Killer to the rascals and hypocrites.

17 The fool wanteth his paper sent on time, but the wise man payeth in advance.

18 Commit thy nickels and dimes to my pocket-book, and thy subscriptions shall be recorded.

19 As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a copy of The Fool-Killer in the pocket of a hobo.

20 Whosoever subscribeth to The Fool-Killer showeth wisdom, and he that getteth subscribers is wise.

* * *

When I get hold of the tail-end of an idea and begin to pull, something has got to happen.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

I. NEVER DREAMED IT.

Life is full of surprises. One of the biggest surprises of my life is the astonishing growth of The Fool-Killer. When I started it last winter I had no hope of passing the thousand mark the first year, but the thing has been so popular and the demand so great that it takes twenty-five hundred copies of this issue to fill the bill.

The growth of the paper was rather slow at first, but for the past three months there has been a continual stream of subscribers coming in, so that there is no longer any doubt about it being a success. When I selected "The Fool-Killer" as the name of my paper some of my well-meaning friends looked wise and shook their heads. Now they look foolish and feel like the little boy the calf stepped on.

The unexpected success of The Fool-Killer goes to prove that you can't always generally sometimes hardly ever tell just what is going to hit the bull's-eye of popular fancy. Elbert Hubbard wrote his "Message to Garcia" just as a space-filler—wrote it one night after supper, turned in the copy and forgot all about it. When the world rose up on its hind legs and began to howl for that "Message" like a hungry bear begging for a piece of beef, nobody was more surprised than Elbert Hubbard himself.

The Fool-Killer seems to be another "Message to Garcia." The demand for it has been much greater than I expected, and its fame has outrun all my dreams. I have been compelled to move my dream-peg up a few holes, and I am now begining to have visions of a web press and a hundred thousand circulation.

All of which is very gratifying to yours truly. Since I see that this little enterprise is destined to be a success, I am determined to make it just as big a success as possible. There are a million people in this country who will subscribe for The Fool-Killer just as soon as they see a copy. If all you present subscribers will play a few pieces of jaw-music in the interest of this paper we will soon have the devil going hell'ards like a criminal running from justice.

Skin out of your coats, boys, and get to work. Three cheers for my army of club raisers!

ONE PITIFUL WAIL.

There has been mighty little adverse criticism of The Fool-Killer so far. The reason is very plain. When I kill a fool I kill him so dead that he isn't even able to squeal. But once in a while I hear from some sniveling sore-head who has been stung by a stray shot from my literary thunder-gun and escaped with his life. In opening my mail one day last week I fished out the following squiblet, the writer of which seems to need some attention:

Greenwood S C
octobur ten, nineteen ten

Editor Fool Kilar Sur, sumboddy has trid to insult mee by sendin me yore papar fool Kilar, Now sur i aint no fool an ef i waz i haint reddy to be kild yit an dont you send me no more of yore papars. i no whot you air, you air one of them ole rip snortin soshulists allers abusin everthing an haint got no sence, Now i hope thees fue lines wil giv you lite an you wont send me nary nuther of yore soshulist fool kiler papars, whitch i dont want it in my house. i am much oblige yores truly

ROBERT SIGMON

Great Humpty-Doodle! Did you ever see so much information crowded into such a few lines before? I'll be dog-sarned if I ever did. And the "lite"—my, my! There is so much light in this letter that I think its author must be a lightning-bug with its head cut off. By throwing the blinding rays of his lightning-bug intellect upon the pages of The Fool-Killer, this fuddle-brained fool thinks he has discovered that I am a howling Socialist. And I'll bet five cents against a nickel that he wouldn't know a Socialist from a mare's nest if he met one in the road.

Now look here, Siggie, I want to know who appointed you as the official critic of The Fool-Killer. You blamed little lousy, ignorant cur, you haven't got sense enough to lead a blind goose to water, much less trying to tell me how to run my business.

Socialists, thunder! I have said as plain as I know how to say it that this paper is not in politics. It don't give a dried-apple snap for any of the parties. But I have my own personal opinions on all subjects, and I shall express these opinions without fear or favor. If I step on some fellow's political corns he will just have to yell "Earthquake!" and get out of the way. I am not concerned about what you call me. It is my business to tell the flat-footed truth, and then you can draw your own conclusions about whether I am a Socialist or not. I am going to stick to my former assertion that Society, Church and State are all as rotten and corrupt as the very devil, and if there isn't a mighty heap of repenting done pretty soon there's going to be more people in hell than you ever dreamed of.

It's a mighty doggon sure fact that I will not go out of my way to follow Socialism or any other ism, but if it happens to be going my way, then we will go together. Now it's up to the parties and the creeds. If they want me to march in their ranks they will simply have to get in my road, for I'll be hanged if I turn aside one inch to follow any of them.

As to Robert Sigmon, I will respect his wishes—I will not "insult" him any more by casting my pearls of thought before such a swine as he is. Where one correspondent writes a complaining letter like the above, at least a thousand say, "Send it along—we like it."

Somebody is continually coining a new phrase. "New nationalism" is the latest.

A SERMON ON RATS.

Hello, girls! Dry up your gigglety-gab and listen. The pastor of the flock is going to preach you a little sermon on "Rats," from the following text:

"There was a certain grave-robber who went forth to rob the graves of dead women. And it came to pass that he pulled the hair out by the roots from their decaying scalps and sold it to the living women for rats."

And that, beloved, is where the false hair comes from. Did that thought ever roost on the door-step of your imagination, or climb in at the back window of your memory?

But the girls and women of this fast age—the beautiful painted butterflies of frivolous Fashion—must have rats for their hair. Fashion says stack it up high and spread it out wide, and stuff it and puff it to beat the band. And when her own natural hair isn't enough to build a monument to Fashion on top of a girl's head, then what must the poor thing do? Go to the hair-dealer and buy it by the wagon-load. Haul it home in a shuck-frame and stack it on your bald spot. Fasten it on with the garden rake and cap it with a rooster's wing.

But don't ask the dealer where the hair comes from. He might not like to tell. It might hurt his tender feelings to inform you that your golden locks were harvested by the light of the moon from the grave of a total stranger.

The greedy spirit of commercialism has invaded the graveyard, and the god of Fashion locks arms with the devil and the gruesome traffic goes on. Maybe you get some of your rats from other sources, but the bulk of the human hair of commerce comes from the helpless heads of those who have laid life's burdens down.

My-y-o! But the thought is cruel and creepy to me! How would you feel to go tip-toeing down the path of life with four pounds of a cold, clammy corpse's curls grafted to your sky-piece? I don't know how it fits the feelings of other folks, but if I should wake up some morning and find myself in that fix, I would at once put on the market a blood-curdling yell that would wake the dead owner of that hair.

The peace movement is fighting its way to the front.

The king row of Europe's checker-board is about played out.

The United States Senate is a small body of dry orators entirely surrounded by money.

Your fifteen cents will buy a crust to ease the kinks in my stomach. Send it along.

Did you ever try to pull your foot out of a wet boot? Then you can understand the agony of trying to coax a real thought from the clabbered cocoanut of a mental eunuch.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers! Do it now! Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

EAT LIKE A HOG.

Now, by the Jumping Jonas! Of all the far-fetched, fanatical, gigantic, conglomerated, nonsensical fool fads I ever heard of, here is one that takes the cake and licks the skillet.

I see it stated in the papers that one of these crazy, crack-brained curiosities who always know everything except how to have common sense has launched another brand-new eating fad on the uncertain sea of human gastronomics.

He lifts up his silvery voice by its golden handle and tells us that the proper way to satisfy the cravings of the inner man is to eat just one thing at a time. Never have but one kind of food on your table. For instance, if you have bread don't have anything else that day. Call it Bread Day and stuff your hungry hide with dry bread till you have to tamp it down with a maul-handle. If you are alive next day you can have Milk Day. After that you can have Soup Day, Meat Day, Tater Day, Butter Day, Water Day, and so on down the line.

It sounds a little bit tough to a man up a tree but our scientific friend informs us that it will work wonders. It is the only sure cure for all sorts and conditions of physical ailments from the jumping tooth-ache to chronic laziness.

Three whoops for the Mono-Diet System! Throw away your fancy mixed-up dishes and get you a hunk of dry bread or a basket of corn and go to eating like a hog. Put your dinner down on the floor, place your hoof on one end of it, and go to gnawing like a hungry dog in a meat house. That is the latest fashion, so we are told—the very latest and best. Suppose you try it. And if you live through the trial you will have more sense and more diseases than you ever had before.

* * *

THE GRAVE OF NOAH.

The bald-headed eagle of Wisdom recently flew over my shack and dropped a morsel of information that will make the antiquarians smack their lips and say, "Yum-yum!"

The news is that the patient diggers after dead things have discovered the last resting-place of old man Noah, the venerable sailor who became widely known a good many years ago on account of his getting a monopoly on the world's navigation business. Yes, some strenuous scientific snipe-hunter has been nosing around in the dark and unfrequented corners of the earth and has actually scraped up an acquaintance with the final snoozing place of old Captain Noah. The old man is said to be enjoying his long nap on the summit of Jebel Judi, a mountain overlooking the plains of Mesopotamia.

I am glad to know that the old Captain is still on the job—still faithfully filling the grave of a hero at nine dollars per week. I know of a great many other people who could serve their country better by getting a job of that kind. It wouldn't have to be a hero's grave—just any sort of a grave would do. And it isn't any trouble getting a job of that kind. When a man has tried everything else and failed to land something, he can certainly get employment at grave-filling if he is willing to get down in the dirt and put in his full time at it.

Hello! I ran off on a side track, didn't I? Well, as I was saying, it is a relief to know that Captain Noah is still there. Like Eugene Debs and myself, and most other great men, Noah was a good deal misunderstood in his day, and had the finger of scorn pointed at him more or less; but the world finally had to admit that he was right. It was too late then, however, for the world to charter a steamboat and enter the race. Just a few big claps of thunder and a few cloud-bursts and it was all over with the world, while Noah sailed serenely on and invented that famous quotation, "I told you so."

But the years rolled on. Even Noah couldn't help it, and I don't suppose he tried. His famous voyage went down into history and he went down into the grave. The authors who have written biographies of Captain Noah have all neglected to state just where the old man was buried. I have often tried to find out where Noah's grave was, so that I might go there and weep in an unfettered sort of way, but my search was always in vain. I couldn't find anybody who had ever been there or who knew anything about it. The books were silent on the subject, and I finally gave it up as a lost cause.

Then one day while I was reading the papers and trying to forget my disappointment, I stumbled onto the statement that Noah's grave had been found. A great burden was at once lifted from my heart, and ever since that I have been laying plans to take a pilgrimage to Noah's grave. It is all done now but the starting, and I shall start just as soon as the fruit on my money-tree gets ripe.

* * *

Jack Jake Astor and his connubial consort have fed themselves into the divorce mill and have come out in two pieces.

CLUB-RAISERS.

J. N. McCall, Little Rock, S. C.
Luther M. Cope, Scottdale, Pa.
F. M. Morgan, Cornell, Ill.
Oscar Blevins, Crandull, Tenn.
R. L. Collins, Elkin, N. C.
Mrs. R. L. Simmons, Jefferson, Ala.
W. T. McInnery, Walnut Springs, Texas.
Jones Horton, Lenoir. N. C.
F. F. Estein, Walnut Springs, Tex.
Miss Mollie Martin, Jonesville, N. C.
T. I. Lambert, Walnut Springs, Texas.
M. R. Medlin, Dillon, S. C.
J. C. Gilbreath, Chavies, Ala.
J. M. Johnston, Hunting Creek, N. C.
W. J. Skiles, Elizabeth City, N. C.
Andrew Casey, Ronda, N. C.
N. W. Tharp, Elkin, N. C.
C. A. Brotherton, Walnut Springs, Texas.
William S. Ross, Medina, Texas.
F. H. Carter, Rockbridge, Wis.
A. K. Parker, Clinton, N. C.
W. A. Fogleman, Salisbury, N. C.
C. C. Mikels, Fort Payne, Ala.
J. M. McKinney, Ruffin, N. C.
Charles B. Way, Burlington, N. C.
E. Roscoe Hall, Wilmington, N. C.
G. W. Flood, Vendor, Ark.
D. M. Cockerill, Statesville, N. C.
G. W. Jarvis, Booneville. N. C.
E. P. Newsum, King, N. C.

Naomi Wise

A true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis. The scene is laid in Randolph County, North Carolina, about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid to every one sending us a quarter for 4 months' subscription to our big weekly paper—the paper that's different.

THE SATURDAY NEWS,
Dobson, N. C.

Names Wanted.

Send us 30 cents and the names and addresses of 30 of your friends who can read and write. And we will mail you for your trouble, a genuine high grade Masterman fountain pen together with a filler fitted in a neat pocket case. This pen would cost $2.00 at any retail store. Adress,

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY,
Box 9, Moravian Falls N. C.

Premium List

Here is a list of valuable Premiums which I am giving for subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. All these articles are good value and guaranteed to be exactly as represented. Just a few minutes of your time devoted to getting up clubs for The Fool-Killer will earn you one or more of these nice Premiums. The name, "Fool-Killer" is so odd and unusual that it attracts attention wherever it is shown, and people are eager to subscribe out of mere curiosity. Then when they read one copy they always want more. Send for a bundle of sample copies and go to work for some of these Premiums:

FOR A CLUB OF FIVE.

For a club of Five yearly subscriptions at fifteen cents each I will give a Single Bladed Barlow Knife, famous Sheffield make.

FOR A CLUB OF TEN.

For a club of Ten yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a large Two Bladed Jack Knife or a fine Fountain Pen.

FOR A CLUB OF FIFTEEN.

For a club of Fifteen yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a famous Rattler Razor, extra hollow ground, fully warranted.

FOR A CLUB OF TWENTY.

For a club of Twenty yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a complete American made nickel watch, open face, stem wind, hinge back. Good time-keeper.

FOR A CLUB OF TWENTY-FIVE.

For a club of Twenty-Five yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give an R. H. Ingersoll Watch, open face, thin model, guaranteed for one year. This is a world-famous watch and needs no introduction.

FOR A CLUB OF FIFTY.

For a club of Fifty yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a 16 size Electro Gold Plated Hunting Case Watch, fitted with 7 jewel Swiss movement. This watch is a great bargain.

$10. GOLD WATCH.

For a club of Seventy-Five (75) yearly subscriptions to The Fool-Killer at Fifteen Cents each I will give free a fine Ten Dollar Gold Watch, either ladies' or gents' size. This watch is a guaranteed Premier Hunting Case and highly jeweled movement. No better watch to be had at any price.

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

Castle Gates

By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

To-morrow is the fool's seed time. Today is the time to do.

Amateur Journalism Department

Conducted by James Larkin Pearson

Laureate Winners.

At the time of going to press I have heard from two of the Laureate Judges appointed last year by President Headrick, and the result is as follows:

STORIES: William H. Greenfield, Judge. The Laureateship goes to Miss Leonora Sheppard, and James Larkin Pearson gets Honorable Mention.

EDITORIAL: James F. Morton, Jr., Judge. The Laureateship goes to William C. Headrick, and Miss Berta Curfman gets Honorable Mention.

The Laureate Certificates, signed by the proper officials, have been forwarded to the above winners. The judges of Poems, Essays, Sketches, etc., have not been heard from at this writing. I will announce the result just as soon as I hear from them.

Ex-President Headrick is spending a while in Texas.

* * * *

Paul Hilt, editor of the Ozark Monthly, Fayetteville, Ark., has recently joined the Southern.

* * * *

I have appointed the entire membership in each State as a recruit committee, and I ask each committee thus formed to take charge of the work in its own State.

* * * *

Official Editor Goff promises a 12-page "Southern Journalist" for December, and he wants a report from each and every officer of the Association. All reports must reach him not later than the 10th of November.

* * * *

Charles B. Way is hard at work on his November "Tar Heel," which will consist of 12 pages and covers. This issue will contain a special article on "Amateur Journalism in the Old North State," and other matter of interest to all amateurs.

* * * *

Mr. Charles S. Bumgarner, Treasurer, has gone to Chattanooga, Tenn., and he should be addressed in care of the University of Chattanooga. He says he has met the Chattanooga Press Club once, and most of the members seem enthusiastic.

* * * *

The first issue of "The Oil Man's Magazine," a large illustrated monthly devoted to the oil business, has just appeared from Saint Albans, W. Va. It is edited by two amateur boys, Herbert McGinnis and Hoadley Maddox. Congratulations, boys!

* * * *

Amateur friends, if I am due you a letter and you don't get it, just be patient. I will get to you soon as possible. My correspondence is heavy and my time very limited. Just keep on working for the cause and remember that my heart is with you whether I write or not.

* * * *

Within the territory of the S. A. J. A. there are about forty active amateurs who do not belong to the Southern Association. Why they refuse to affiliate with their own home club it is hard to understand. Of these amateurs, 14 belong to the N. A. P. A., 17 to the U. A. P. A., and 8 to the A. P. U.

* * * *

Don't forget about the Southern Bundle. It goes out again in November. Keep in touch with Starring and let him mail your paper. You will never enter fully into the pleasures of amateur journalism until you send out an amateur paper. Do it now. Help us to make this year a record-breaker for the South.

SEND FOR THE GRANNY, QUICK!

In clawing around through creation in search of more fools to skin, I rested my roaming lookers on the name of one George W. Carey. I have had this sorry cuss hung up on my victim-rack for several weeks, but I have put off the skinning operation because he stunk so bad that I dreaded to tackle him.

Now this wandering wild-eyed fanatic who goes around with a "Dr." label pasted prominently on his putrid personality, has kindly condescended to give the waiting world his own original version of the Moon question.

According to Dr. Cary's bow-legged belief, the Sun is the daddy of all the planets and this old Earth of ours is the mammy of them. He says that all planets are born of the Earth in the same manner that man is born of woman. The South Pole is the womb of the Earth, and the Sun's rays act upon it in such a way as to cause a conception. Then a new world is born. Dr. Carey says that the Moon is the youngest child of the Earth and that this celestial baby is still connected with its mammy by an umbilical cord. He says that if man should go to the South Pole he would find a plain dirt road leading from there right on to the Moon. But he says this road, or umbilical cord, is going to break about the year 1945, and then Mother Earth will again get pregnant by the Sun and have another baby.

And so that's the way it's all done! Well, well! How very simple! Strange we hadn't found it out before. Much obliged to you, Doc, for giving us a whole box of wisdom pills all at one dose. But you haven't explained why some of the Earth's children are so much bigger than their mammy. Jupiter and Saturn—they are several hundred times bigger than the Earth, so astronomers tell us. Guess they must take after their daddy in size. Is that it?

Now, reader, are you satisfied on this point? If not, it must take a dickens of a sight to satisfy you.

THE GOD OF IGNORANCE.

In talking with a friend the other day I casually remarked that I was preparing to give the Roman Catholics another red-hot roast through the columns of The Fool-Killer.

"Better go slow there, Pearson," was the warning reply. "You are treading on dangerous ground when you criticize the Roman Catholic church. That church is a power in the land today, and it isn't wise nor safe to be too outspoken against it."

"That might be good advice for a mollycoddle, but it's mighty devilish poor stuff for a man," was my reply. "I know as well as you do that Romanism can count more noses and more dollars than any other church, but neither its numbers nor its money can put the sealing wax on my American mouth. I know that Roman Catholicism is as rotten and corrupt as the very devil, and The Fool-Killer's mission in the world is to fight such things."

And I meant just what I said. There are plenty of good reasons for denouncing Catholicism, and if you'll open your mental hamper-sack just a minute I'll give you a few samples to take home with you.

In the first place, the Roman Catholic church is an enemy to free government. A true American citizen cannot be a true Catholic, and hence it follows that the 14,000,000 Catholics in America today are not true American citizens. Our forefathers built this nation upon the great principle that Church and State must be kept forever separate. Our Constitution provides that the State shall have no right to interfere with a man's religion, and that the Church shall have no right to interfere with a man's politics. That principle is the foundation stone of this government. The Church of England, once upon a time, said to our forefathers, "Look here, you must worship God according to my creed." Our forefathers shook their fists at the Church of England and said, "You go to thunder! We will do nothing of the sort!" And then they came to America and established a free government.

That was years ago. But now here comes the Roman Catholic church and says: "This is all wrong. The Church is greater than the State, and the Pope of Rome is the only true head of the Church. He is infallible, his judgment is final, and all men, including the president of the United States, must bow down and kiss his feet."

There was a time when the Roman Catholic church had political power, and the history of that time is written in blood. Ever since she lost that power she has been trying to move Heaven and earth to get it back. And she is about to succeed. Just a few weeks ago an American Catholic Bishop declared that his church would soon capture the presidency. It already has the vice-presidency, and if there should come a clash betwen the Church and State today, that old slippery Jim Sherman would desert his country and line up with the Pope of Rome. There is no doubt about it. And that other old silk-robed hypocrite, Jim Gibbons, is today a greater power in American politics than Bill Taft. Our big-bellied President would suffer his right arm cut off before he would incur the displeasure of Brother Gibbons and Pappy Pius.

Another straw that shows the drift of the current is the recent announcement that Tom Ryan, another priest-ridden plutocrat, is going to establish a great private banking house in America. The daily papers which contained the announcement spoke of Ryan as being very close to the Pope, and no doubt all the fabulous funds of the Vatican will be at Ryan's disposal. Enough money will do anything these days, and of course Pius, Gibbons, Ryan, Sherman & Company, with the bloody millions that poor ignorant devils have paid to have their souls prayed out of torment, can elect a Catholic president and make Washington a sub-station for Rome, and do anything else under God's heaven that they set their heads to do.

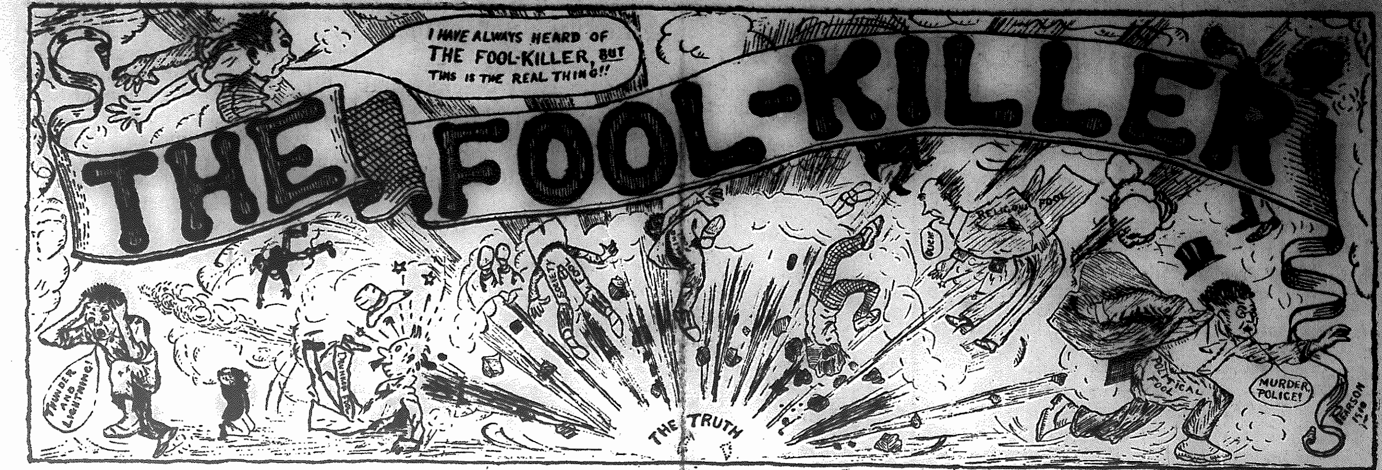
What sort of a set is it that is thus going to dominate America? Listen! Just recently the Pope sent forth a decree that any candidate for the priesthood or any other office in the Catholic church should not be allowed to read a newspaper or magazine. That is the Pope's way of preparing men for leadership—to keep them in ignorance. How would you like to live under a government controlled by a set of silk-robed libertines who never read a newspaper? Fine fellows they would be to dictate the policies of a government, or even a church!

And now, you American women, listen! At the great Roman Catholic Congress which has recently been in session in Montreal, Canada, a big English priest by the name of Vaughan, delivered an address, from which I quote the following:

"I think it is a grand thing to see a woman take in washing."

No one but a devil-possessed Catholic priest could have uttered such words. That abominable point of view is the direct result of priestly education. A country in which all the women are bending their backs at the wash-tub would, in the eyes of such thugs as Vaughan and Gibbons, be a grand nation. How any white woman with even half sense can be a Catholic after reading such a spasm as that from the lips of a great priest of the Church, is more than I can understand. Romanism wants woman to be crushed down in darkness and ignorance—wants her to do all the slavish work and have no liberty and no intelligence.

Women of America, wake up! If the men won't rebel against the encroachments of such a monster as Roman Catholicism, for God's sake let the women arise and answer this insult to their womanhood!



VOLUME ONE MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER, 1910. NUMBER TEN.

AIN'T IT SO?

Old sordid sin is a hoss on wheels,
A-kickin' an' buckin' to beat the band;
If ever you get in the way of his heels
There ain't no tellin' just where you'll land.

The devil can pose as a perfect saint,
And a lot of the fools believe his lies;
An' the science of passin' for what you ain't,
Is the crucial test of the worldly-wise.

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!

"Darn the American flag!" In the patriotic days of old the above expression would have been considered treason of the blackest hue. Edward Everett Hale tells us about a fellow who got himself into a bushel of trouble by putting it just a shade stronger than that.

But in order to clear myself from any charge of treason, I hasten to explain that "Darn the American flag" is the latest order of the administration. The new order is said to be in line with the government's policy of retrenchment. It means that the starry banners which float above all the government buildings must be treated like an old sock—they must be darned when they get holes in 'em.

Heretofore, when a flag was worn to frazzles by flapping in the breeze, it was thrown away and a new one put up; but now Uncle Sam is going to economize. He is going to get out his old rusty darning needle and darn Old Glory till it is all darns, and then darn the darned places.

Now ain't that a "darned" poor way to economize? If the old star-studded fool would put his brogan down good and heavy on some of those billion-dollar army and navy appropriations, it might help some. But the idea of your Uncle Sam taking a piece of his shirt-tail and patching the old worn-out flags, and at the same time building more costly battleships—it looks to me like saving the hair and throwing away the hog.

A PRETTY GOOD IDEA.

Well, bless my life! They are about to get it fixed at last. Just put on your spex and read the following dispatch which was sent out from Nuremburg, Germany, on October 3:

"German naval experts are experimenting with a 'crewless warship' that can be started, stopped and steered, and the guns of which can be fired by wireless from shore. The model, the size of an average motor boat, has been operated with unfailing accuracy within a radius of 18 miles. All the apparatus on board is controlled by the shore operator."

Now wouldn't that make your grandaddy grunt? Going to dress up a big fleet of death-machines in their best bibs and tuckers and send them off to sea all alone, just like a woman bundling her kids off to school. Not a soul on board to see how they behave, but they are going to be entirely under the control of a wireless operator on the shore, and he can start and stop their engines, load and fire their guns, make them retreat, forward march, or turn around—all done by the silent and unseen power men call Electricity, and that over miles of space with no visible connection. Now if that isn't about the limit, then I don't know what the limit is.

But that opens up a new field for speculation. If one ship can be handled that way, then others can. If Germany can do it, then other nations can do it, and so when the next war breaks out the contending powers can just rig up their fleets and send them out to the high seas to fight it out. That style of wireless and manless warfare will save a great many human lives, and when one fleet destroys the other, that ought to settle it.

A soldierless war! Just think of it! That would seem to be one step in the right direction, but I'm afraid it won't satisfy this old wicked world—there will not be enough blood in it.

* * *

Turn out one gang of grand rascals and put in another. That's the idea. Whoop-ee!

SOOK, CALFY, HERE'S YOUR MAMMY.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 8.—There was an addition to the White House family today when Pauline Wayne, the first cow of the land, gave birth to a husky boy calf in the White House stables. The youngster weighs 100 pounds. At the stable it is reported that both mother and infant are doing well. Pauline Wayne is a cow of wonderful pedigree, presented to President Taft by Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin.—Woman's National Daily.

Sook, sook, sook! Moo, moo, moo! Beezlins! Calf-rope! Hellabaloo! Get down the old banjo and bring out the little brown jug and let's all get drunk and celebrate. This is a red-letter occasion in the history of America. Nothing of such far-reaching importance has happened since Heck was a pup. All other subjects dwindle into nothingness when compared with this glorious event. Shout it from the housetops and proclaim it in the streets! Publish far and wide the glad tidings that the Stork has visited the White House stables and that the first cow of the land has fotch forth a new-born calf.

How sweet and soul-satisfying it is to know this, and to know that both mother and infant are doing well. It was very kind of the Ass-ociated Press to run a special wire to the stable and to open temporary headquarters in the hay-loft. I don't know how we could have borne up under the disappointment if they had neglected to do this.

And to those faithful newspapers which sent their staff artists to get pictures of His Majesty, the royal bull calf, our unbounded thanks are due.

I know it must have been a holy sight to see President Taft and his Cabinet go trotting out to the stable to do homage to the new arrival. I guess they hired about five trained nurses at forty dollars a week to teach the young gentleman what his legs were made for and to train him up in the way an official calf should go.

Imagine the Wise Men of Washington marching up Pennsylvania Avenue with this song in their mouths: "Where is he that is born Bull of the White House, for we have seen his picture in the papers and have come to see him suck?"

Great is the offspring of Pauline Wayne! Bring out the family Bible and record his name and birth-date. Write it in letters of gold, for he is a prince among cows.

Let the poor man's child go ragged and hungry. Let it die of cold and starvation. Nobody cares. But the big man's calf must have attention. It must be petted and pampered and combed and cared for like a baby, and if it gets the belly-ache the world must know it. A spraddle-legged bull calf, if it happens to be born at the White House, is more valuable than thousands of mere human children. Oh, that we might all be White House calves! Then we would be noticed.

A JACKASS-FIRING MACHINE.

History tells us that once when Gen. Arney went out to fight the Indians, he strapped a Gatling gun onto the back of a jackass, then backed the jackass into position and started the music. After the battle was over, the Indian Chief said:

"We are not afraid of your guns and your bowie knives, but when you begin to fire jackasses at us we want peace."

Gen. Arney evidently knew his business, and I wish I could hire him to fire some more jackasses I know. I would like to buy a machine that would fire jackasses. You bet I'd keep it busy. I would take it to Washington first of all and fire the jackasses who misrepresent us at the National Capital. Then I would fire the jackasses who voted for the other jackasses. Oh, I tell you I could have lots of fun with one of those jackass-firing machines.

* * *

My ginger-mill was rusty when I started The Fool-Killer, but I am now getting it in jim-dandy working order. If you want me to do your grinding for a year, just send along your corn.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIAL.

The doggon candidates don't know us any more.

* * *

Enough of some things is too much.

* * *

Hang-take the man who is afraid to do his own thinking!

* * *

Love is life's loan, marriage is the note for it, and babies are the interest.

* * *

If the Taft smile is still on, I guess the doggon thing must be pretty well anchored.

* * *

Of course you did't sell your vote, mister, but how many did you buy? That's the question.

* * *

How do you like to sop your mental flap-jack in The Fool-Killer's editorial molasses?

* * *

The Fool-Killer beats the devil —and goodness knows the old rascal needs beating.

* * *

Any man who will buy a vote or sell one ought to be disfranchised and driven out of the country.

* * *

It's just as big a crime to buy a vote as it is to sell one. Chaw on that awhile, you old pot-gutted vote-buyer.

* * *

Did you ever know a dollar-mark and a fashion-plate to get married? Law, yes, they very often do.

* * *

You can get a jim-dandy good pocket knife for five minutes' work. See Premium List on another page.

* * *

Bring me a mouth about the size of a cellar door and a gall as big as a three-gallon jug, and I can turn you out a politician in five minutes.

* * *

It isn't my business to gather up the slobber that drips from the chins of other editors and serve it out as my own editorial gravy. I'm in the habit of thinking some myself.

* * *

In remitting money for subscriptions, please do not send local checks. I have to pay exchange on them at the bank here, and it is a dead loss to me. Send by registered letter, post office or express money order.

* * *

One of the most remarkable things brought out by the recent election is the fact that the Socialist party has doubled its vote in the last two years. If the old parties don't get to doing a blamed sight better than either of them have ever done yet, you may look out for Socialism to sweep the country like a whirlwind before many more years. Now don't you go off half-cocked and say that Pearson is a Socialist, for I am not, but, honestly, I don't think Debs and his gang could make conditions much worse than they are.

WHICKUM-A-WHACKUM.

The above heading does not mean anything. I simply put it there to attract your attention, you old fool you. And when I once get your eye glued to this column, maybe I can hold you for awhile.

Anyhow, your uncle is going to preach some, and you can put on your specks and listen if you want to. I am going to rattle off a few raw-boned remarks concerning man-made churches and the fools that fuss and fight over them.

Jesus Christ established a Church when He was here on earth, and He didn't call it Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, nor anything of the sort. The only name it was known by was the Church of Christ. That was the true Church. But as soon as its Founder went away its leaders began to get jealous of each other. Each one wanted to be Boss and Big Ike, and so it came to pass that they began to split up and start new churches. The old Roman Catholic church got so rotten that Martin Luther had to fire off his gospel gun and start the Reformation, and the Protestant church was born. The Protestants took up the true faith which the Catholics had thrown aside, and Rome went on with her empty forms and ceremonies. The Catholics are still toting the bag, but they have dropped their candy.

And then before Protestantism was old enough to wean, it began to split up some more and form new churches with new names and creeds. Today we have so many different denominations that a mere list of their names is enough to bewilder a prophet. Each one calls itself the true Church of Christ and swears with a very great swear that all the other churches are false.

There is one thing certain—Jesus Christ did not establish a single one of the churches that exist in the world today. They are all man-made, and I dare you to deny it. One man would get the "leader's itch" and had to have more scratching room, and so he would pull loose from the church and set up a little shebang of his own. And so I repeat that they are man-made churches, every one of them.

All this denominational claptrap is the veriest moonshine—a scheme of the devil to lead men astray. The devil knows that if he can keep the Christians fighting each other along denominational lines, he will get to make soap out of the whole bunch some day.

Most of the churches are geting so proud and stuck up these days that it is doubtful if even Christ Himself could join one of them. To have a finer house, a finer preacher, a bigger pipe organ and a more fashionably dressed congregation than the other church—that's all they are working for.

Some of the very best Christians of the present day are not associated with any of the churches, simply because the churches regard them as fanatics and refuse to fellowship them. They are living on a higher spiritual plane than the sordid, money-worshipping churches can comprehend, and they will be swanging golden harps in the New Jerusalem when lots of the denominational preachers are in hell.

* * *

THE DISHRAG.

Now I'll bet you think that's a dickens of a subject to write about. Maybe so, but you must remember that it often depends more on the writer than it does on the subject. A bang-up writer can take the bummest sort of a subject and write a pretty passable yarn about it, while one of these jack-leg scribblers could take Heaven for a subject and make the angels weep. Knowing himself to be some pumpkins as a writer, your uncle thinks he is able to handle "The Dishrag" for a few minutes.

When I was a little barefooted rascal about the size of a fat man's fist, I used to be the dishwasher at mammy's house. I used to line up the dirty dishes in battle array, giving each of them a knife and fork to fight with, and then I would charge at them with a wet dishrag and win a great victory. The greasy memory of those dish-washing days sticks to my brain like disease germs to a fly's foot or the odor of onions to boarding-house hash.

At the old-field school-house we used to have debates on "The Dishrag and the Broom," and I was always on the side of my old friend, the dishrag. Some of my greatest orations were delivered in defense of that faithful friend of the kitchen mechanic.

The dishrag is a wonderful invention. History is strangely silent as to the name of the inventor, but we know it to be of very ancient origin. The dishrag must have been invented about five or six thousand years before the woods were burnt. It was old and gray-headed when the Atlantic Ocean was just a little puddle, and they used the ocean for a dishpan.

The ancients were well acquainted with this well-known weapon of kitchen warfare, and their sweet sixteens could play "Dixie Doodle" on an old greasy plate to beat the band. Many of the most classic dishrags that we have any account of were of Greek and Roman architecture.

The dishrag! Look at it as it hangs there behind the stove, and try to imagine how the world would have gotten on without it. How faithfully and uncomplainingly it has served mankind, and yet the poor thing has been treated worse than a dog. It has had to be content with nuzzling over the empty dishes after the greedy boarders had gobbled up everything. And this is the first time it has ever had its biography written.

FOR MY SAKE.

To the readers of The Fool-Killer,

Dear Friends:-I want to introduce myself and have a little chat with you all. I am the editor's wife, and I guess it's no more than right for me to have a little space in the paper whenever I want it.

I have something I want to say to you people—something that I hope will make us better acquainted all around and cause you to take more interest in our little paper.

Let me say, in the first place, that I (the editor's wife) am a semi-invalid and suffer terribly with a complication of diseases. I have asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, stomach trouble, and perhaps other diseases, and am just about a complete physical wreck. The above picture shows how I looked five years ago. At that time I was in good health and weighed 150 pounds. But now, after four years of sickness and suffering, I weigh only 95 pounds.

MRS. CORA PEARSON.

My suffering is bad enough all the time, but it is usually worse at night. I have to sit up in bed and cough and struggle for breath at least half of nearly every night. Of course when I am suffering that way, and losing sleep, my husband has to lose sleep, too, and the suffering seems to hurt him as bad as it does me.

Take these facts, and add to them the further fact that we are very poor and have to struggle hard to "keep soul and body together," and you can begin to understand our situation. We have no home that is fit to call a home—we are simply "camping" in one end of our little printing office. It is a mighty bad way of living, even for well people, and for a sick person like myself it is still worse. We had hoped to get a cottage built before cold weather, but we have not been able to do so. The little paper is absolutely our only dependence, and while its growth has been encouraging, still it has not been sufficient to supply our needs. If I was well and able to help push the work along, we could soon have it on a solid financial footing, but my sickness is a great drawback in more ways than one. Lack of money makes it impossible for me to have the proper attention and treatment in my sickness, and unless we can succeed in getting a larger income from the paper, it seems that there is no chance for me to ever get well.

My husband often tells me, as he sits here amid our poverty and sickness trying to write "funny stuff" for The Fool-Killer, that it seems to him almost like trying to be funny at a funeral. He does not "feel funny" by any means, but he has to write that kind of stuff because it pays better than anything else. And even that is mighty poor pay, sometimes.

Now, friends, I have told you the situation. This is the first time I have ever made a public display of my suffering, but I felt that it might interest some of you. And now I want to put in my plea for your assistance. I want each and every one of you who are now readers of The Fool-Killer to take a personal interest in the success of the paper. Show it to your neighbors and friends and ask them to subscribe. Get up as large a culb as you can and send it in at once. It would be mighty little trouble for each reader of this issue to send in a club of five or more, and if you will all do that much it will mean a great deal to us here at this end of the line. It will enable us to build our "cottage for two," and get lots of other things that I need to make my afflictions lighter.

Won't you please send us a good big club for a Christmas present? If you won't do it for any other reason, PLEASE DO IT FOR MY SAKE. Remember, every subscription you send in is for the benefit of a poor sick girl who is camping in a little printing office here at Moravian Falls.

Hoping to hear from every one who reads this, I beg to remain,

Your friend,

CORA PEARSON,
(The Editor's Wife.)

* * *

Though airships in the blue may roam,
And autos speed along,
It takes a hoss to haul 'em home
When anything goes wrong.

* * *

Say, boys, my premium razor will feel so good on your face that you'll think it's your sweetheart kissing you.

* * *

You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. You can send a boy to college, but you cannot make him think.

* * *

If you want to have nice things said about you, just go off somewhere and die. Then you'll get 'em, but what good will they do you?

* * *

If you think it's an easy job to sit down and write a dozen columns of razor-blades every month, maybe you'd better try it a pull. It makes me sweat like a hired man to give birth to the literary feast which I am placing before you each month. Two or three of your old rusty dimes will make it easier. Fling 'em at me and get your money's worth.

* * *

The term, "Christian nation," which we see and hear so often, is a bald-headed, bare-faced misnomer. There is not a Christian nation on the face of God's earth today. There never has been such a nation, and never will be, until God Himself takes charge of things and makes the old devil high-ball.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

Premium List

Here is a list of valuable Premiums which I am giving for subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. All these articles are good value and guaranteed to be exactly as represented. Just a few minutes of your time devoted to getting up clubs for The Fool-Killer will earn you one or more of these nice Premiums. The name, "Fool-Killer" is so odd and unusual that it attracts attention wherever it is shown, and people are eager to subscribe out of mere curiosity. Then when they read one copy they always want more. Send for a bundle of sample copies and go to work for some of these Premiums:

FOR A CLUB OF FIVE.

For a club of Five yearly subscriptions at fifteen cents each I will give a good Two Bladed Pocket Knife.

FOR A CLUB OF TEN.

For a club of Ten yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a fine Fountain Pen.

FOR A CLUB OF FIFTEEN.

For a club of Fifteen yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a famous Rattler Razor, extra hollow ground, fully warranted.

FOR A CLUB OF TWENTY.

For a club of Twenty yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a complete American made nickel watch, open face, stem wind, hinge back. Good time-keeper.

FOR A CLUB OF TWENTY-FIVE.

For a club of Twenty-Five yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give an R. H. Ingersoll Watch, open face, thin model, guaranteed for one year. This is a world-famous watch and needs no introduction.

FOR A CLUB OF FIFTY.

For a club of Fifty yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a 16 size Electro Gold Plated Hunting Case Watch, fitted with 7 jewel Swiss movement. This watch is a great bargain.

FOR A CLUB OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

For a club of Seventy-Five (75) yearly subscriptions to The Fool-Killer at Fifteen Cents each I will give free a fine Ten Dollar Gold Watch, either ladies' or gents' size. This watch is a guaranteed Premier Hunting Case and highly jeweled movement. No better watch to be had at any price.

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

You may be moral without being religious, but you cannot be religious without being moral.

Names Wanted.

Send us 30 cents and the names and addresses of 30 of your friends who can read and write. And we will mail you for your trouble, a genuine high grade Masterman fountain pen together with a filler fitted in a neat pocket case. This pen would cost $2.00 at any retail store. Adress,

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY,
Box 9 Moravian Falls N. C.

Naomi Wise

A true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis. The scene is laid in Randolph County, North Carolina, about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid to every one sending us a quarter for 4 months' subscription to our big weekly paper—the paper that's different.

THE SATURDAY NEWS,
Dobson, N. C.

Castle Gates

By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Fine Pen-Knife

Everybody needs a Pen Knife, and here is the place to get it. Our Pearl Handle Ladies' Pen Knife is a beauty. It has two pen blades, German silver cap and bolster, and is the equal of knives costing 50 cents or more. Our price is 25 cents, postpaid. Address:

SOUTHERN SALES AGENCY,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Puzzle Keys

If you like to work Puzzles, try your skill on this one. Get it, learn the secret, and then have bushels of fun with your friends. The puzzle consists of two keys interlocked in such a manner that it seems impossible to separate them. But it is easy enough when you learn how. To introduce this wonderful puzzle, we will send you one for a silver dime. Address:

DIXIE NOVELTY CO.,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOOL-KILLER.

The Fool-Killer's work is never done,
And smashing away from sun to sun,
He fires afar like a Rodman gun,
While giving his readers lots of fun.

The Fool-Killer earns his daily bread
By telling the truth to heart and head,
Forever leading and never led,
Until every fool is cold and dead.

COL. JOHN A. JOYCE,
Washington, D. C.

R. H. LANE, Aurora, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find 75 cents for a club of five. I glory in your spunk. You cannot hit them too hard to suit me.

A. L. McLEAN, Asheville, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I was cleaning out my desk and found a copy of your little paper. It struck my fancy and I will be greatly obliged if you will send me same for one year. Enclosed find 25 cents.

W. C. LAPISH, Statesville, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in sending you a club of ten subscribers to The Fool-Killer, for which please send me your premium fountain pen. Please start the subscriptions with November issue.

JASPER A. SLATE, Mizpah, N. C.—Dear Mr. Pearson:—One of my friends handed me a copy of your paper the other day, so I send you a club of five. You will find money order for 75 cts. enclosed. Please send us November number, and send me several copies to hand out.

W. G. MAXWELL, Clinton, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Good Boy:—Please send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed address as per your advertisement. Here is your quarter. I had rather read The Fool-Killer than to drink "cock-tail," and I by some means learned to like that.

L. H. NELSON, Winston-Salem, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I saw The Fool-Killer yesterday for the first time, and do not think I can live without it. Enclosed find fifty cents for the first twenty-four spasms. Any old time that my subscription is due, kindly notify yours truly.

JONES HORTON, Lenoir, N. C.—Dear Mr. Pearson:—Enclosed find money order for two subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. I didn't get around much this time—will try to do better next time. Please send some more samples. I used up what I had. They will bring subs, too, when I can see them.

J. N. HOLT, Henry, New Mexico.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 25 cents for your paper one year, as per your advertisement. I like to get all the funny papers I can find, as I am so far out here in the sand-hills riding the line after cattle, that it makes a fellow laugh, anyway.

A. K. PARKER, Clinton, N. C.—Dear Mr. Pearson:—I received the fountain pen O. K. and like it fine. You may hold the [illegible]0 subscribers I have to my credit and I will continue to send in, and try for one of the larger premiums. No trouble to get subscribers when I have time to work.

WM. S. ROSS, Medina, Tex.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed find money order for 75 cents for which please send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed names for one year, and extend my subscription one year on your books. I will try and get a bigger club in the near future. Wishing you all kinds of good luck.

LUTHER M. COPE, Scottdale, Pa.—Dear Pearson:—I have just received a copy of The Fool-Killer. It certainly is great, and for the enclosed check please send it to me for one year, and tell me when my subscription expires and I will renew. You are sure hitting the nail on the head regarding Churches, Society, etc.

ALEX. CAMPBELL, Cabot, Ark.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir.—Enclosed find $1.50. This is a little club from Cabot, Ark. I showed your sample copy at the lodge last night and the boys said, "We want that paper." Send paper to enclosed names. Each one is anxiously waiting. Some wished it was weekly instead of monthly.

MRS. R. L. SIMMONS, Jefferson, Ala.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—For the enclosed 75 cents send The Fool-Killer one year to the enclosed names. My pastor, Mr. Hearn, wishes me to say that he thinks your paper is very fine, and that he will do without cigars enough to pay the subscription price. My husband also is well pleased with the truth the little paper is filled with.

WM. J. CLEMENCE, Nooseneck Hill, R. I.—Dear Pearson:—I am in receipt of The Fool-Killer, and wish to express my thanks for and appreciation of same. It is as true as truth, and most of the sentiments expressed therein have been felt by myself. The strong personal element makes it particularly appealing to the reader's mind, and should insure a large and growing circulation. As soon as I can get the time to devote to it I shall get up a club for you. Can you supply all back numbers of The Fool-Killer? If so, please inform me the price for same.

G. D. SMITH, Burlington, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Find enclosed 30 cents. Send me the worth of it in Fool-Killers, one at a time. The reason I want them one at a time is, I want them hot. Some one has just sent me a sample copy of The Fool-Killer. They have done it as a joke, but I like the paper. I especially like what you say on page four, column four, articles four and six. Also the article on page one by "The World" applies to me pretty strong. Mr. Editor, it seems that a good many people are afraid to take The Fool-Killer for fear of getting killed. I tell them that there is no danger—it is only meant to kill the fool part of them, so the balance of the man can grow better.

Most of our long-coated, high-colared Doctors of Divinity spend all their time doctoring divinity so that the rich devils in the church will swallow it and pay for it.

I've got a cow a-cookin' for next issue. Pass your plate.

A PRAYER TO THE GOD OF FASHION.

O Fashion, our most adorable and most changeable master, we bow ourselves down to worship thee; we flatten ourselves before thee as a nigger's foot flatteneth a mud-heap. When thou stampest thy foot in Paris, we say, "Hark!" and when thou sayest, "Wear this!" behold we obey.

Thou art great, O Fashion; thou art very great. Thou art the propagator of rooster hats, hobbleskirts and clawhammer coats; yea, thou art the daddy of corsets and high-heeled shoes.

From the bottom end of our hearts we thank thee, O Fashion, for the many reforms which thou hast instituted. Instead of the rough and awkward laborer of a couple of centuries past, thou hast given us the polished and slippered dude; instead of the simple and commonplace girl, thou hast given us the starched and jewelled and powdered and painted and feathered twentieth century "new woman," with all the attractions thereunto appertaining.

O Fashion, thou art a daisy; thou art not to be grinned at. Our affections cling to thee as a monkey's tail clingeth to a rotten limb. Thou art a very resourceful god; thou contrivest many fanciful notions to please thy slaves. We are kept in a state of perpetual agitation wondering what thy next move will be. One day it is a newfangled hat as big as a buggy-wheel, and the next day it is a divided skirt for riding astraddle.

O master, lord and ruler in all lands, our poor benighted minds cannot comprehend the abundance of thy wisdow. We imagine that thou art filled with wisdom all the way down to thy toes. At any rate, we will obey thee in all things whatsoever thou mayest command. If thou sayest "Abbreviate your apparel," we will do it, and if thou sayest, "Go nude" we will go nude, even unto the uttermost.

Now, our most adorable King Fashion, we leave us in thy care. Put such things on us as will attract the most attention (for thou knowest we love to be looked at), and we will serve and obey thee as long as our cash holds out. Amen.

TOP-NOTCH SOCIETY.

I have seen the veriest earthly angels, consistent (?) church members, and all that, turn up their aristocratic noses at sight of an honest beggar, or a poor woman, clad in unwomanly rags, with a hungry child at her breast. Their hearts were too full of modernized "religion" to entertain sympathy for these poor, needy creatures; but they can always have a bow and a smile for the well-dressed man, devil though he be. Indeed, it is appalling to note what a very few Good Samaritans we have in our churches, and what a great number of Priests and Levites, who "pass by on the other side."

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

One of the society ladies of Moravian Falls went to the city one day recently. She chaperoned her beauty into the ten-cent store and made herself a present of one of these new Chanticler hats—the kind with the big roosters on them. She also bought a lot of false hair, switches, rats, Marcel waves, and all that sort of stuff.

The first time she put on her new finery, one of the rats reached up and bit the rooster on the leg. This made the rooster mad, and he reached down and bit the rat on the ear.

All this was bad enough, but to make things worse, it happened that the lady had left one of the switches open, and in their scuffle the rooster and the rat ran into the open switch and both tumbled into the Marcel wave and were drowned.

And that's what comes of galloping around over creation trying to keep up with the fool fads of frivilous fashion.

AIN'T IT AWFUL, MABEL?

On my way home from a little trip the other day I heard something that's too good to keep. Two girls got on the train, and each one of them had voice enough for six women, and they kept up such a clatter that they attracted the attention of everybody in the car.

One said: "I just simply can't do anything with my hair after I have washed it."

"Neither can I, Mabel," replied the other.

It seemed that both of the dear things had recently shampooed their hair, and they talked and talked about shampoos until everyone in the car was actually bored.

A gentleman in the rear rose to leave the car. On the way out he stumbled over Mabel's foot.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, tipping his hat, "but, don't you know, I washed my feet last night, and I just simply can't do anything with my feet after I have washed them."

JUST IMAGINE.

If all the men in the world were made into one man, wouldn't that be a big man?

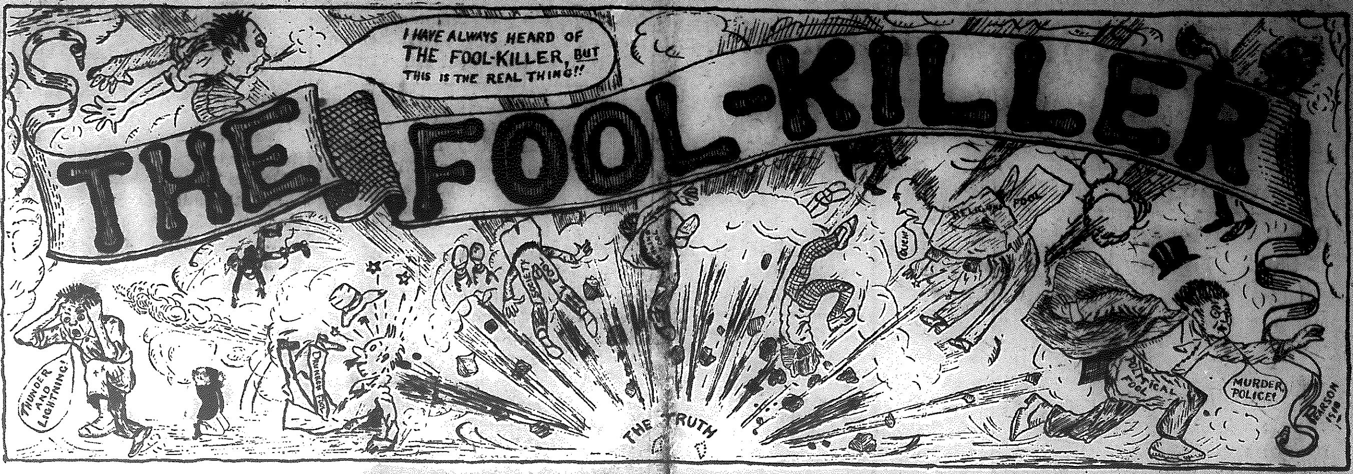
If all the axes in the world were made into one ax, wouldn't that be a big ax?

If all the trees in the world were made into one tree wouldn't that be a big tree?

If all the rivers in the world were made into one river, wouldn't that be a big river?

And then if that big man should take that big ax and cut down that big tree, and let it fall into that big river, wouldn't that be a dickens of a splishity-splash?

Ever see a copy of James Larkin Pearson's paper, "The Fool-Killer?" It is a mighty sarcastic, pithy journal, and is the kind that speaks what it thinks, and without fear.—Cope's Comet, Scottdale, Pa.



VOLUME ONE MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER, 1910. NO. 11.

CHRISTMAS MORNIN'.

Oh, the Christmas dawn's a-breakin',
An' the children are a-wakin',
An' their little hearts are achin'
To arise,
An' to know the happy feelin'
That forever comes a-stealin'
Into little hearts a-reelin'
With surprise.

Although clothin' is a blessin',
They have business that is pressin',
An' they take no time for dressin',
Like the rest;
Out of bed they come a-hoppin',
With their nighties all a-floppin',
An' they never think of stoppin'
To be dressed.

To the fire they come a-flockin',
All a-grabbin' an' a-knockin',
To discover what each stockin'
May reveal;
From the leg a doll is peepin',
With her china eyes a-weepin',
An' a Teddy bear is sleepin'
In the heel.

There are candy men a-grinnin',
An' a little top for spinnin',
An' that isn't a beginnin',
I'll be bound;
Hear the toy guns a-shootin',
An' the bugle-horns a-tootin',
An' the little trains a-scootin'
All around.

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL.

No doubt I am expected to write something about Christmas. Editors usually do, of course, at this time of year. Christmas is a good subject, all right, but it has been haggled over by so many editorial Jack-knives that I am loth to disfigure it further with any remarks of mine.

It's awful hard to be original when you write about Christmas. Everything seems to have been said, and in most of the Christmas gush there isn't any more originality than there is in a chair's leg. But I will try to call your attention to just a few thoughts that have never had printer's ink smeared over them. These thoughts are not only very original, but they are also very funny. I thought best to tell you this, as you would not be apt to find it out any other way.

This is the time of year that the thirsty inhabitants of prohibition territory are looking for express boxes on every train and the Sunday School girls button-hole a fellow and make him cough up for the Christmas Tree graft. And when the fruit of the tree is gathered the presents go to a few pets and nobody says "Howdy" nor "Kiss my foot" to the rest of the gang.

We had it hammered into us in our pinafore days that there was an old white-bearded guy who came around at Christmas with a pack of candy and other junk for the kids. He came down the chimney, they said, and it was wonderful to us that he didn't get smutty all over. A few more years brought to us the knowledge that all this was a lie, but as it was a very pretty lie, we didn't make any fuss about it. The myth of the older folks is still the Santa Claus of the children, and maybe it is worth while to keep the old lie going. I don't know.

I guess Santa Claus will come in a flying-machine this time—an aeroplane, perhaps—and just drop the little trinkets down the chimney as he flies over.

But the thirsty will get their express boxes, and that will be Christmas enough for them. The birthday of the Christ will be given over to drunkenness, rowdyism and devilment as usual, and the world will be just one year closer to hell than it was last Christmas. That's all.

UNCERTAIN AS HELL.

I often hear some of the limber-tongued, linguistic lollipops remarking that so-and-so is "as uncertain as hell." Now look here, you shallow-brained, coarse-mouthed, rotten-hearted lump of mortal mud, do you have any idea how uncertain hell is? Life, and friends, and money, and a great many other things may be uncertain. Life is as full of uncertainties as a dog is of fleas. But if there is any truth in the old family Bible—and some of us are fools enough to believe there is—then it occurs to me that hell must be a reasonably sure thing. So if you snotty-nosed sinners don't want your fat fried in the devil's old skillet, you'd better watch out.

"The Fool-Killer" is unique in contents and conception. No one but a misunderstood literary genius could have the audacity to issue it and fill it with such "doggon" unconscious seriousness, artistically blended with such nuctious philosophical humor that it produces such an irresistible desire to read this "goldarn" paper from beginning to end.—John W. Smith, in The Amateurist, New York.

SOME SINGING, DONCHERKNOW?

There is a certain kind of unearthly screeching that they call "fashionable singing." Ever hear any of it? If not, you've missed a treat. Just go into most any city church on Sunday morning and they'll give you a sample of it. Here's how you will know when it's a-coming. You'll see somebody go to the piano or pipe organ and begin to claw over the keys like a puppy digging for a ground-mouse. Then you'll see a young lady march out onto the stage with her arms full of sheet music and her face set like the time-lock on a national bank vault. She stops and gazes over the audience as solemnly as a convict in the electric chair. Then she unfolds her music and begins to pucker her mouth till it looks like the blossom end of a swivelled cucumber. Everybody holds their breath. Something awful is about to happen.

Suddenly the young lady's mouth opens like the nose end of a tobacco sack and you hear a noise that sounds like pulling a yard of Bologna sausage through a tin horn. Her eyes seem to bore through the ceiling like two left-handed gimlets and her throat works like a frog swallowing a June-bug. Her voice seems to have been made in joints and put together with brass rings, and it rattles against her Adam's apple like dragging a log-chain over a bridge.

The audience leans forward and drinks it in like a young cat-bird eating a worm. Of course nobody understands a word of the song, and if they did, the song would be a failure. It wouldn't be "fashionable singing." The only thing required of you is to sit there like a chicken with the gapes and drink it in. Let it run in at both ears and ooze out through the pores of your soul.

The singer stops to get her breath and to wait for the audience to catch up. The organist hits the instrument in the face a few times like a nigger woman beating out peas, and then they sail in again. Lickety-split they go, up and down the scale, like two hound dogs after a rabbit, and all the while the expression on the singer's face looks like a mixture of cramp colic, death agony, a toothache and a sneeze.

Once in awhile the jointed melody comes in such volumes that it almost jars the shingles loose, and then it fades away till it sounds like where the little end of a cat-fight tapers off to nothing.

And when it is all over, you go home feeling like somebody had run a wood-rasp over your sore tooth. But it is the Fashion, you know, and Fashion is a great old gal.

A POPULAR PREACHER.

A preacher is usually judged by the size of his audience, and if he can get four or five hundred of the brethren and sisteren out to hear him toot his gospel horn once or twice a month, he thinks he is a pretty bang-up preacher. And each member of the flock is expected to shell out a dollar or two about every so often to help grease the gospel gimlet.

That's all very nice and proper, no doubt, and I haven't a word to say against it; but what I started out to say is this: If a preacher is judged by the size of his audience, then I am some preacher myself, for I am preaching once a month to an audience of over 10,000 people. And I don't give them just one little sermon and quit, like the other preachers do, but I stay and preach six or eight good sermons on every trip.

And then just think of the price! Your preacher thinks you are mighty stingy and close-fisted if you don't grease his pocket to the tune of ten or fifteen dollars a year, and he will not get mad if you double or treble the amount. But I give you more preaching and better preaching than he does for only 25 cents a year; and if you'll hitch up the wagon and bring several of your neighbors to meeting with you, you can all get your year's preaching for fifteen cents apiece.

Now, can you beat that for a bargain? I think not. There has never been so much good preaching offered so cheap before, and if you ever expect to get the cuckleburrs of sin curried out of your mane, now is the time. The currycomb of truth which I use will remove the burrs and also loosen up the bark on you old hide-bound sinners. It may hurt considerably, and you may have to squirm and twist like five hundred, but it will be good for you. Delay is dangerous, so don't put it off, but buy your ticket to-day for a year's admittance into "The Fool-Killer" church and tell all your neighbors to do likewise. Help me to get the biggest congregation of any preacher that has ever opened his mouth between the two oceans.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Idiotorials.

This hell-scared brand of religion is a mighty cheap grade of stuff.

* * *

The suffragettes are not half as dangerous to society as the "snuffragettes."

* * *

Reckon why it is that a man never shows his temper until he loses it?

* * *

"Executive ability" is the science of earning your bread by the sweat of other people's brows.

* * *

Talk about the world growing better! Shucks in August! Just as well argue to me that the moon is turning to butter.

* * *

More people will go to perdition on account of their infernal gripe-gutted selfishness than for all other sins put together.

* * *

The motto of some people seems to be: "if at first you don't succeed in making a regular star-spangled jackass of yourself, try, try again."

* * *

Not long ago some fellow offered one thousand dollars for a new cuss word. Guess he had used all the old ones till he had worn them out.

* * *

There are some men in this old world so tarnation mean that they could teach the devil more meanness than he ever heard tell of.

* * *

That Kansas City woman who believes that she was once a cat has very likely got her history straight. And I'll bet a dollar she's a cat yet.

* * *

The old two-legged brute of a man who thinks more of his pigs and dogs than he does of his wife and babies, is the devil's ideal of what a husband and father should be.

* * *

If Darwin's theory of evolution is true, I suppose this flying-machine age will soon develop a race of spectators with eyes on top of their heads.

* * *

Horace Fletcher says that if you want to get the full benefit of a glass of milk you must chew it. Wonder what kind of milk Horace is in the habit of eating, anyhow?

* * *

If any of your friends are in need of a sure cure for the blues, persuade them to try a few doses of The Fool-Killer. It never fails to produce results. A cure guaranteed or your money back.

* * *

Why, yes, honey, there are other papers published, but you will have to hunt a long time before you find anything else as rich and juicy as The Fool-Killer. It has them all skinned a mile.

* * *

The editor of "The Big Pistol" gives himself away like this: "It was midnight, and I was boozy with inspiration." Pretty time of night to be in that sort of a fix. Touch the stuff lighter, Ben.

* * *

The Spiritualists have given out the word that Mr. Roosevelt is "controlled" by Abraham Lincoln and an Irish Chief, with assistance from Caesar and Napoleon. Here's betting that they all have their hands full.

* * *

People glance over other papers and throw them aside, but every fellow who gets his 'tater-grabblers fastened onto The Fool-Killer reads it from A to Izzard before he turns it loose. That's the secret of its great popularity.

* * *

Did you ever see an old suckling sow stretched out in the corner of the fence with eight or ten pigs pulling at her faucets? That's what I am reminded of when I see a gang of half-grown boys huddled up somewhere sucking old nasty cigarettes.

NOTICE!

Brother, if I owe you a letter, I hope you will wait for it just as patiently as you can. I am doing my best and can't keep up with my correspondence. You will hear from me by personal letter at the earliest possible moment, and in the meantime let this notice serve as a temporary answer to your letter. I was sure I would get this issue in the mails before Christmas, but was unavoidably delayed. I am going to work now with a determination to catch up with old Father Time and keep right at his heels—or ahead of him— during the coming year.

Writing the "thunder" for The Fool-Killer is sorter like milking a cow. Each month I milk out all the thoughts my old brain will give down, but by next milking time there is some more ready. If you'd like to try a few snacks of my literary milk, just pass your silver cup.

* * *

The silk-hatted scion of society will turn up his aristocratic nose at the solid old farmer who drives into town with a load of produce, and I'll bet a dollar you could scrape enough material from under the old farmer's toe-nails to make a dozen better men than the stuck-up society sprout.

* * *

One year of fool-killing is drawing to a close. I have put the fixins on a good many fools, rascals and hypocrites since I started on the war-path, but the "killing" I have done this year is not a grease-spot in the skillet compared with what I am going to do next year. Jump on my thunder-wagon and go with me.

* * *

In rounding out its first year of existence, The Fool-Killer feels rather proud of what it has accomplished. In one year it has become famous all over the country, and its circulation is double what I expected it to be at this time. Hundreds of new subscribers are being added every month, and I expect the coming year to bring still greater success.

Names Wanted.

Send us 30 cents and, the names and addresses of 30 of your friends who can read and write. And we will mail you for your trouble, a genuine high grade Masterman fountain pen together with a filler fitted in a neat pocket case. This pen would cost $2.00 at any retail store. Adress,

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY,
Box 9 Moravian Falls N. C.

"BLUE BLOOD."

What color is your blood, mister?

You don't know?

Well, suppose you cut your finger and see.

There are two kinds of blood in this country.

One is "Blue Blood."

And the other is just common red blood.

All the rotten rich rapscallions have "blue blood."

The common poor devil has to worry along through life with the old cheap red stuff playing leap-frog in his veins.

Money changes the color of the blood.

Strange, but true.

I know dozens of men who used to be poor, and they wore red blood in their veins. But they happened to get some money, and the color of their blood was at once changed.

Blue-blooded people are too good to work, and they are too fine for common white people to associate with.

All they are fit for is to splurge around in automobiles and make fun of the people they stole their money from.

It is the red blood that does all the work of the world, and the blue blood dikes out in its finery and enjoys the blessings that labor produces.

Blue blood was never known to create anything useful or do anything respectable.

And again I repeat:

What color is your blood?

* * *

There comes to my desk a doggon little old Free Thought paper about the size of a half-grown rabbit skin. It just shakes its little puny fist in the face of God Almighty and makes fun of everything that pertains to religion, and then over on its last page it prints a sermon from an eminent divine. That paper reminds me of the dog that barked like he would take your head off, but wagged his tail like he was awful friendly, and you couldn't tell which end to believe.

* * *

It beats 47 kinds of doubled and twisted chain lightning to see this old sin-spattered, hog-wallowing, hellward-galloping wreck of a world trying to celebrate the birth of the Christ. There must be the Christmas likker and a big drunken spree, and Christmas is a failure unless a few men are killed in each neighborhood. Our modern Christmas festivities are a shame and disgrace. It looks more like a convention of horny-headed demons celebrating the birthday of the devil.

* * *

Praise the Lord and take a dram! Right here in one of my exchanges I find a great long article headed, "Family Prayer," and it's so good you can see angel tracks all over it and solid puddles of religion between every line. And on the very same page, not a finger's length from "Family Prayer," I find a Corn Whiskey advertisement about the size of a coon skin telling the thirsty readers where they can get the joyful juice either by the gallon or the barrel at so much per. If the editor of that paper ever had any conscience, he has surely dropped it in the barn lot and let the cow eat it.

MADONNA.

I hailed me a woman from the street,
  Shameless, but, oh, so fair!
I bade her sit in the model's seat,
  And I painted her, sitting there.

I hid all trace of her heart unclean,
  I painted a babe at her breast;
I painted her as she might have been
  If the worst had been the best.

She laughed at my picture and went
    away;
  Then came, with a knowing nod,
A connoisseur, and I heard him say:
  "'Tis Mary, the Mother of God."

Then I painted a halo round her hair,
  And sold her and took my fee;
And she hangs in the church of Saint
    Hilaire,
  Where you and all may see.

◆

A SERMON TO MARRIED MEN

Now then, you white-livered whelps who pose as highly respectable married men! I am going to preach a little sermon that will make some of you wiggle and twist worse than a worm on a hot rock.

You'll excuse me if I talk plain. There's no way of saying what I want to say without plain speaking. I just want to give you my own home-made opinion on a subject that is altogether too much neglected— a subject that most writers and speakers are too doggon cowardly to tackle.

Just the other day I heard a prominent citizen bragging (to a crowd of men) about how he used to go all the gaits before he was married. He seemed to consider it an honor to tell his men friends about how he ran after the mean women in his single days. He seemed to think such a record was something to be proud of —that it would make him look more manly in the eyes of other men. And so he bragged about it, and told all the revolting details of how he made a beast of himself. He had gone the whole gamut of illicit pleasures, and was proud of it.

But after sowing his wild oats and defiling himself with all the unclean things of the under world, the brazen libertine decided to marry and settle down. And of course he married a pure, virtuous woman. He wouldn't have had any other kind—for a wife. He had used the other kind until his beastly appetite was satiated with them, and he wanted a change. Now why in blazes isn't a female prostitute good enough to be the wife of a male prostitute? That's the question I would like to have answered. Why is it that when a man and woman sin, it besmirches the character of the woman but leaves the man spotless? Why isn't his companion in sin good enough to be his companion in marriage? Why is it that the male prostitute can reform and marry a pure woman and be looked up to as a "leading citizen" and slobbered over by swell society, while for the female prostitute there is no door open except the door that leads further down?

We will admit, for argument's sake, that these men are true to their wives after marriage. Many of them are, and lots of them are not. But does that atone for the sins of their youth? Does that wipe out the shame of other days? If that rule works in the case of the men, why won't it work in the case of the women? Why not let the girls sow their wild oats and wallow in sin and shame, and then reform and marry and be good? If there is any difference in the two cases, my eyesight isn't fine enough to see it.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

But you go to the average man and insinuate that his wife was a bad woman before he married her, and he will pump you full of lead before you could say scat. And yet this same 'ideal husband" will openly boast of how he kept the road hot to the red-light district in his single days. Isn't that consistency with a snout to it?

The young society buck who goes on and lives an unchaste life before marriage, indulging his carnal appetite for illicit pleasures among the women—that fellow is no more fit to be the husband of a virtuous woman than the shameless strumpet of the street is fit to be the wife of a pure man.

There is only one reason that I can think of why women will take such men, and it is this: If they didn't do it, most of them would remain old maids, for the other kind of men are mighty scarce.

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I PREACH TO THE GIRLS NOW.

Hello, there, you dear little innocent looking ducky-darlings! You look mighty pretty and sweet, but some of you are the most unreasonable infernal fools that ever God let live A great many of you who seem to have common sense about other things are plumb bug-house daffy when it comes to the courting and marrying question.

For instance, take a case like this: Here is a girl who has got the notion in her head that she is some pumpkins. She is pretty enough for any ordinary use, but not one bit prettier than she thinks she is. She has anywhere from six to a dozen sweethearts, or fellows who want to be. They hang around her at her home or at public gatherings like a swarm of bumble-bees around a clover-blossom. Most of them are not worth the powder and lead it would take to blow their brains out, but if there happens to be one really nice, worthy chap in the gang, he is always the first one to get the cold shoulder. Or if it should happen that most all of her sweethearts are model young men, in every way worthy of her, she is dead sure to kick the whole bunch and run away and marry the low-downest rapscallion that she can scrape up in the neighborhood—and marry him drunk. I have seen that very thing happen more than once, right in my own community. When a girl does a trick like that, she is apt to be good and sorry of it in about three months, or sooner; but remember, girls, it's too late to pray when the devil gets you.

It beats the mischief how blind and short-sighted the average girl is, anyhow. She thinks herself too pretty and too good for the average obscure young man who is trying to live a decent life here in the world. Life would be too dull and commonplace with him. She wants a "romance," and, faith, she gets it.

A new suit of clothes, reeking like a polecat with some sort of stifling stink-drops, a glib tongue, a whiskey-and-cigarette breath—that's about all it takes to win the average girl. But if a fellow don't happen to possess those valuable assets, no matter what else he may have to offer, it's "Katie bar the door" for him.

Some sporty-looking son-of-a-gun who has nothing in God's world but a showy suit of clothes—and in debt for that— can come along, and the sentimental sissies will just go crazy over him, while they won't so much as look at their neighbor boy who is a thousand times better than the strutting straggler they worship so.

Experience is a hard school, but some of the fool girls, as well as other folks, refuse to learn in any other. So I guess they will have to go on turning aside good chances and hitching up for life with dudes and deadbeats who are so low-down that even the dogs refuse to bark at them.

Sour grapes, did you say? Aw, shut up! I've been married long enough to be daddy several times.

Castle Gates

By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

The Big Pistol

The Famous Rascal Killer of the Age. Every shot hits the center of the blackness of all social and political sins and shams. Every chamber loaded with fire and brimstone, and shot off monthly for 15 cents a year.

Address: THE BIG PISTOL,
Campton, Ky.

If Paris should send word over here that people must go in their shirt-tails this winter, it would be a sight to see the shirt-tails a-floppin'.

ABOUT PREMIUMS.

After going over the matter very carefully, and looking at it from all sides, I have come to the conclusion that the offering of premiums to club-raisers does not amount to so very much. Many of my best workers send in clubs week after week and never mention anything about wanting a premium, while others take the trouble to state in their letters that I need not send them any premium, as it is no trouble to get subscribers to The Fool-Killer, and they are willing to do it without any reward except the pleasure of reading the paper and helping to extend its circulation.

That is very nice of them, indeed, and I certainly appreciate it. When I buy a worker's interest with a premium I am not so sure of him as I am when I know he is spreading the "Fool-Killer" gospel because he enjoys it and without wanting any other reward.

The best work in the world is that which is done purely as a labor of love—done because the worker finds more joy in the doing of the thing than in the pay he expects to get for it. I have discovered that many of my workers are of this class. They are big-hearted and liberal-minded, and are not disposed to "split hairs" and wrangle over a small matter. They realize that The Fool-Killer is a good thing, and it is a pleasure for them to help push it along. The mere money value of such a premium as I can offer does not appeal to them very strongly. They know I am giving a dollar's worth of pure gospel for fifteen cents, anyway, and they think that is enough.

In view of all this, and because the premium business is an added trouble and expense to me, I have decided to cut it out. Hereafter The Fool-Killer will be sold strictly on its merits, without any premium or other outside inducement. I am starting out this month on the no-premium basis, and I trust that each and every one of my friends and co-workers who have been standing by me so nobly in the past will continue to give me their support and help me to push the paper on to a great success. I believe I have with me as loyal a band of friends and workers as any paper has ever gathered in so short a time; and to this band I want to add others until it is a great army, all working toward one common purpose—the building up of the most fearless and flat-footed journal of common hoss-sense that was ever printed since God made the world.

Boys, let me hear how the new plan suits you. This step will give The Fool-Killer a higher standing in the eyes of the Post Office Department, as Uncle Sam is inclined to look with some degree of disfavor upon papers that get their circulation by offering premiums. It will make the circulation more substantial and of a higher order, and I believe it will grow just as fast without the premiums as with them. I am banking on the loyalty of my friends. Now altogether for a great success in 1911.

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The Fool-Killer is a bird with two wings. One wing is Fun, and the other wing is Truth. It wants to fly into your home twelve times a year,

Correspondence.

U. S. LEDFORD, Cleveland, Tenn.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I saw a copy of The Fool-Killer and liked it. If you will send me a bunch of sample copies I think I can get you some subscribers, and if I can't, I am going to take it myself, anyway.

J. B. LEACH, Hiddenite, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:--Please send your paper one year to the enclosed names. I will send you some more subscribers soon. I will do all I can for you and your paper. Happy Christmas to you.

GEO. D. POOL, Elizabeth City, N. C.— Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I write for a sample copy of The Fool-Killer. I am very much taken with it. You deserve credit. I can't find the copy you sent me some time ago, so please send me another copy and I'll get you some subscribers. Send it at once, please, and I will make up a club.

B. F. VANCE, Bristol, Tenn.—Dear Friend:—The Fool-Killer arrived O. K., and it is replete with humor. The eulogy on the "Calf" is worth $5.00. (Mr. Vance is himself a gifted writer and the editor of The Baptist Red Light, published at Bristol. Some of his editorial hits are nearly as hard as The Fool-Killer hands out, only they are mostly along a different line.—Editor.)

G. W. HOWE, Campton, Ky.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—You will find enclosed 25 cents for one year's subscription to The Fool-Killer. I received a copy yesterday, and it impressed me very much. It beats anything I have ever seen. I am not so much after the fun of it, but you hit them so sensibly that I enjoy reading it. You beat the world. I hope I will be able to send you some subscribers some time. (Why, sure, Mr. Howe, you can get just "oodlins" of subscribers and not half try. Tell your friends it never will do for them to miss getting The Fool-Killer.—Editor.)

GEO. SEARCY, Proximity, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I have just read an ad in the paper that made me acquainted with you to a certain extent, and I thought I would write you and try to get familiar with you as much as possible. I have always heard of a man of your name, but not until now did I know where he lived, and I believe there are a good many people here in the same fix, and my writing this letter is of a three-fold nature—I want to know you better, and I want my friends to learn of you and be wise, and at the same time try to help you by getting your paper started here. So I want several sample copies, one for myself, and one apiece for as many of my friends as you will send. I will be glad to pass them around and ask my friends to subscribe.

R. F. McCLURE, Hallsville, W. Va.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 75 cents for which please send your paper one year to the enclosed names. Mr. Pearson, I would like to meet you. My home is at Jefferson, N. C. I guess you know the place. I love your paper. Maybe I can get some more subscribers for you. (Law, yes, brother, I reckon I do know Jefferson. It was at Jefferson, in the year 1900, that I took my first lesson in printing. I went there broke, and came away still "broker," but I had got printer's ink on my fingers, as we say, and never could get it off. I had gotten my first little taste of newspaper life, and I kept on adding to that experience until it finally blossomed out into The Fool-Killer. Let me hear from you again, Mr. McClure.—Ed.)

ELIJAH HORNER, Potosi, Wis.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I think I am the first man that subscribed for The Fool-Killer. I sent in my subscription before it was born. I will renew now, so I will be sure not to miss a copy of your paper. I want a copy of every issue as long as I am able to dig up the price. Would like to see your picture in The Fool-Killer, so I could see how you look. I am not much of a writer, but when I get a little time to spare I am going to write a letter to my friend, The Fool-Killer. This time I send money order and the names of four of my neighbors. The order looks small for so much fun. Please do not send me the premium. It is no trouble to get subscribers to The Fool-Killer. You may send me some samples and I will send a larger club soon.

L. L. STRASBURGER, 328 South Broadway, Baltimore, Md.—Editor of The Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—You will no doubt remember the writer, as I met you some time ago in North Wilkesboro, in Absher & Blackburn's store, and subscribed to your paper. I also told you at that time that upon my arrival home I would send you some more subscriptions. I do not wish you to send me a premium, as I am doing this purely out of friendship, and I am very desirous of seeing your subscription list doubled. You will find enclosed the list of subscribers, also a check for $4.35 to cover same. Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. (Yes, Bro. Strasburger, I recall very pleasantly our meeting in North Wilkesboro, and I hope to see you again next time you swing around to this side of the circle. Many thanks for the nice club. Hope you can get up several more like it.—Editor.)

Answer to Correspondent:
C. S.—Yes. "God keeps books."

That is great dope that Jim Pearson hands out in that "gol-darn" paper of his, "The Fool-Killer." And he doesn't hesitate to lambast anyone from little Johnny Jones and up the toboggan to good old John Dee. And he does it in such a way that the homely truth of his statements sorter sinks into your soul and sticks there like LePage's. We all dote on that kind of stuff as a mental recreation after a hard day's chase after the root of all evil, and Jim's being an amateur journalist makes it all the more precious to us. Go ahead, Jim, and give 'em fits—"de bunch is wid ye," even unto John W. Smith, the Philistine.—Paul Colborn Oliphant, Warren, Ohio.

TOM, DICK, HARRY AND THE DEVIL.

There has never been a bigger piece of graft, fraud and humbug in the world than the pension business of the United States as at present conducted.

It's all right and proper to fork over a moderate allowance to the old one-legged Johnnies who fought, bled and were mortally scared on the field of battle. It's perfectly right to pension the widows of those same Johnnies. But doggon my lily-white hide if there isn't something devilish rotten up Pension Creek these days.

It has been long enough since the Civil War for nearly all the old soldiers and their widows to be gone on home, and naturally the pension list would have dwindled down considerably. But instead of that, the blamed thing grows larger every year.

It seems that when an old soldier dies they put all his brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts on the pension roll. And then when they are called up higher (or down lower, as the case may be) all their children and grandchildren are put on in their stead. And now, nearly fifty years after the conflict, we have five times as many pensioners as we had at the close of the war.

It's getting so here of late that if a man's dog runs a rabbit through an old battlefield, the man can have the rabbit, the dog and himself put on the pension roll. And if a rooster scratches worms in a barn-lot where Sherman's men stole a horse, it entitles that rooster to a pension.

A recent issue of the World's Work gives some pension figures that are enough to knock a horse down. It shows that in 1866, one year after the war closed, the pension appropriations amounted to fifteen million dollars, while in the year of Graft 1910, nearly a half-century after the close of the war, the pension swindle calls for one hundred and sixty million dollars.

The devil and Tom Walker! Any person with half the sense of a last year's fool knows that there is only one way to explain it. Several million grand rascals are on the pension rolls who have no more right there than a hog has in paradise.

Oh, if we just had a few men with something stiffer than a yarn ravelling for a backbone we might hope to get rid of some of this infernal graft. But our hired gang are all such blamed cowards that they are afraid to say boo to a calf without a nigger to hold it, and so we must go right on handing out fat rolls of greenback to a million or so of unprincipled thugs who never saw a musket nor smelled gunpowder in all their worthless lives.

It has been proven that one big rusty nigger has for years been drawing five different pensions, and every last one of them fraudulent. And there are thousands of others doing the same thing.

This state of affairs is a national shame and disgrace, and the peanut statesmen who are responsible for it ought to be wrapped in a polecat hide and buried head down'ards in an ash-hopper.

The trouble is, when you get a lot of advice, you have to go around and get a lot more advice about which advice you had better take.

The Fool-Killer is just as independent as a nigger at a corn-shucking or an old setting hen in the barn loft. If you don't like it, you'll have to lump it.

Every day is bargain day with The Fool-Killer. One dollar value for 25 cents—or for 15 cents if you come five in a bunch. Come across, gentlemen, come across.

President Lowell, of Harvard, has shown his pitiful ignorance. He recently stated that the object of going to college was to study and learn. Isn't that a corker? Why, everybody knows that the object of going to college is to play foot-ball and get hazed.

I wish somebody would invent me some right plum nice-sounding words that would mean something awful nasty. I want to write another piece about the girl who dips snuff and the boy who makes a calf of himself and mistakes an old cigarette for a cow.

THE DARLING OF BROADWAY.

Emma Trentini is one of those fashionable squee-squaw opera singers. She is known as "The Darling of Broadway," and she gets $1,800 a week for tearing her sole-leather goozle in a New York theatre.

'Tother day Emma took a notion to play a trick on the public and see how much they really knew about music. So she went out incognito and became a street singer. What happened? Why, the fool public did not know it was the great Trentini whom they had often paid three or four dollars to hear in a New York theatre, and so they flung her a few old pennies and nickels and told her to hush up. Think of that! And the dear thing was giving them the very best she had in her shop, too—the very same quality of warble that they had often paid high to hear.

What does the fool public know about music, anyhow? Nothing. They just pay these fancy prices to make other fools think they are "cultured," but they don't know their classical squealing without the label on it.

I'll bet my old hat you could put up a long-eared jackass in a New York theatre, tell the gang it was a great prima donna, and you could pack the house at two dollars ahead. And after the jackass had brayed for a couple of hours the suckers would go home and tell the other folks what fine music they heard. Such confounded classical ignorance makes me want to spew, and I don't claim to know B from bull's foot about music.